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AND

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of a Second Voyage in search of a North-West Passage, and of a Residence in the Arctic Regions, during the Years 1829, 1830, 1831, 1832, 1833, by Sir John Ross, C.B., K.S.A., K.C.S., &c. &c. Captain in the Royal Navy. Including the Reports of Commander (now Captain) James Clark Ross, R.N., F.R.S., F.L.S., &c.; and the Discovery of the Northern Magnetic Pole. 4to. pp. 740. London, 1835. Webster.

"There was an ancient sage philosopher
Who had read Alexander Ross over."

and it may now be said of us, that we, as patient as

That ancient sage philosopher,
Have read the work of Captain Ross over;

and a heavy labour it has been. Seven hundred and forty quarto pages to tell hardly one syllable more or less than is already known to every reader in the country, through the medium of a few moderately long letters and reports of public societies, is indeed the acme of Book-making; and if the author did not make out the true magnetic pole of science, we may at any rate congratulate him on having reached and established the true magnetic pole of publishing by subscription. The wonderful power thus exhibited of attracting the (precious) metals, is worthy of the utmost eulogium; and we are ready to confess that the gallant captain has gone further in this line than any body ever went before.

The great talents of the author are placed in a superb light, by the concoction of this work and all the circumstances attending it. They shew that had he not been bred to the navy, he would have been the most eminent travelling *Number-man* (i. e. the man who goeth about every where selling books in numbers) that ever advanced the Diffusion of Knowledge. Lord Brougham, now at the top of that profession, must have hid his diminished head; and even as it is, all his puny efforts in 24mo, 16mo, and even duodecimo, must suffer eclipse before the most illustrious specimen of a huge quarto humbug that ever issued from the press.

Captain Ross's activity and success in obtaining Orders has been prodigious; and the means ought to be remembered by those who choose to undertake similar arduous enterprises. For their sake we preserve a few hints.

Always keep yourself in the eye of the public.

A panorama is a good thing; but previously frighten the world with a story that all your precious manuscripts have been lost in a cab, or elsewhere.

Police reports anent this affair keep up the fire.

Contradictions,—ditto.

Stories about the cabmen and their extraordinary doing with these marvellous documents,—ditto, ditto.

Go and dine with the King, if you can, and spin his Majesty a long yarn, in which do not stand on particulars.

Still better it is to get up an exhibition in

Vauxhall; and have tremendous boards with pictures thereof all over town and country.

Open a shop in a conspicuous situation for the sale of your work alone.

Placard every wall, hole, and corner.

After having got as many subscribers as you can at home, go abroad and fish for foreigners; taking special care to inform your delighted countrymen, from time to time, how the list is filling, and what the monarchs and courts of the continent said of the unexampled exertions and glory of Englishmen.

The order-book for the book being completed, go into the Order of Knighthood line. Here again none but the brave deserve the fair. Parry and Franklin, who have done so much, could only catch the honour of knighthood; while Sir John Ross, who has done so little, except furnish a big volume for us to review, has achieved the Companionship of the Order of the Bath, a reward, we believe, hitherto given only for military exploit, or conferred upon naval officers who have stood the enemy's shot, and not then, usually, till they were veterans, laid up in ordinary in snug winter-quarters.

To have accomplished so much is a sure sign of consummate ability, and predisposes us to admire alike the Officer and the Author, to whose work we now proceed to pay our respects.

It sets out with thanks, and justly enough due, to his "numerous and generous subscribers." Indeed as the *spec* has turned out so well, he could do little less. There is then a page of *errata* which, seeing the printing has been hurried through in about two years, must have been the more inevitable. Thus, at page 1, line 9, for *southerly*, you are requested to read *northerly*; at page 20, for *patient*, read *engineer*, and so forth; but the oddest mistake of all is at page 85, where Sir John, who ought to have been far more correct in such a matter, asks you to read *description* instead of *subscription*!!

Before we take his own account of the voyage, we beg to reprint our account of it from the *Literary Gazette*, No. 815, which contains nearly all the information of the quarto before us—the small remainder being fully supplied at pages 665 and 697 of our Journal for the same year, 1833; and our reports of the proceedings of the Royal and Geographical Societies.

Here are the principal points we stated.

"Perhaps it will not displease our readers to have this letter reduced to its elements, in order that they may the better understand what has really been accomplished; what is supposed; and what may be anticipated. The happy return of our gallant countrymen has, we are sure, brought a more home and individual joy to millions of hearts than almost any circumstance of a public character at any time; and while we hail and fete them as brothers raised from death, it is only necessary to science not to be carried away by the impulse into hypothesis and exaggeration. To say the simple truth, we do not think that this dangerous experiment can have added much to our knowledge. We have no doubt that Commander James Ross must have some interesting magnetic, meteorological, and other observations to announce; but geography can be but little benefited by the perambulations in a portion of a dreary and immense region, hardly extended to a greater distance than from London to York. We will see. But to the letter.

"Having left the Thames in May 1829, Captain Ross refitted in Greenland (these are repetitions of what we have printed before, but for the sake of complete connexion), and on the 13th of August reached the beach where the *Fury* was wrecked, called *Fury Beach*. Next morning he sailed southward down Prince Regent's Inlet, and in twenty-four hours made Cape Garry. Here commenced what was *new*; and it consisted in running down to lat. 72° north, and long. 94° west, which every common map will shew to be a progress of no great distance down the western side of the inlet. 'Here says the letter, after noticing that the course was from ten to twenty fathoms water) we found a considerable inlet leading to the westward, the examination of which occupied two days: at this place we were first seriously obstructed by ice, which was now seen to extend from the south cape of the inlet, in a solid mass, round by S. and E. to E.N.E.: owing to this circumstance, the shallowness of the water, the rapidity of the tides, the tempestuous weather, the irregularity of the coast, and the numerous inlets and rocks for which it is remarkable, our progress was no less dangerous than tedious; yet we succeeded in penetrating below the latitude of 70° north, in longitude 92° west, where the land, after having carried us as far east as 90°, took a decided westerly direction, while land, at the distance of forty miles to southward, was seen extending east and west. At this extreme point our progress was arrested on the 1st of October by an impenetrable barrier of ice. We, however, found an excellent wintering port, which we named *Felix Harbour*."

"Captain Ross's letter goes on to describe the operations of the next year, 1830, which seems the more important, as it appears either to have forgotten the year 1831 altogether, or to have merged it, confusedly, into some preceding or succeeding division of time! We abridge as we find it. In January 1830 they established 'a friendly intercourse with a most interesting association of natives, who, being insulated by nature, had never before communicated with strangers; from them we gradually obtained the important information, that we had already seen the continent of America; that about forty miles to the S.W. there were two great seas, one to the west, which was divided from that to the east by a narrow strait or neck of land. The verification of this intelligence either way, on which our future operations so materially depended, devolved on Commander Ross, who volunteered this service early in April, and, accompanied by one of the mates, and guided by two of the natives, proceeded to the spot, and found that the north land was connected to the south by two ridges of high land, fifteen miles in breadth; but, taking into account a chain of fresh-water lakes, which occupies the valley between, the dry land which actually separates the two oceans is only five miles. This extraordinary isthmus was subsequently visited by myself, when Commander Ross proceeded minutely to survey the sea coast to the southward of the isthmus leading to the westward, which he succeeded in tracing to the 99th degree, or to 150 miles of Cape Turnagain of Franklin, to which point the land, after leading him into the 70th degree of north latitude, trended directly. During the same journey he also surveyed thirty miles of the adjacent coast, or that to the north of the isthmus, which, by also taking a westerly direction, formed the termination of the western sea into a gulf. The rest of this season was employed in tracing the sea-coast south of the isthmus leading to the eastward, which was done so as to leave no doubt that it joined, as the natives had previously informed us, to Okuklee, and the land forming Repulse Bay. It was also determined that there was no passage to the westward for thirty miles to the northward of our position."

"We have marked some parts of this quotation in italics, in order to induce information on its, to us, unintelligible intelligence. A 'conversation' of Esquimaux is a vile phrase; but let that pass. How could they, insulated by nature, &c. supply the 'important information,' that the voyagers had 'seen the continent of America'? What, could these savages, whose language was ill-understood words and signs, instruct the inquirers in any important branch of science? Well, in April, Commander Ross set out to verify whether the guesses at what they tried to answer were right or wrong, and discovered an isthmus, not ill named 'extraordinary,' which is declared to 'separate the two oceans' by five miles of land!! The survey to the southward of this isthmus is not much more satisfactory; for by the best maps we have been able to consult, the distance from Cape Turnagain could not be less than 200, instead of 150 miles.

"This loose mode of trusting to and repeating the ignorant, and necessarily imperfect, native answers to their inquiries, and also of affirming exact points, has, we confess, caused us much disappointment in perusing Captain Ross's statement; and, therefore, we must doubt

all the suppositions, at the close of the passage we have copied, about Repulse Bay, &c. The geographical question in this quarter is nearly as strange now as it was ten years ago.

"In the middle of November, the vessel, having been able to get four miles back again, was cut into a place of security, named 'Sheriff's Harbour' (not a sponging-house); and the 'continent' to the southward was called Boothia. The letter proceeds, of what date cannot be ascertained, A.D. 1831, as we have noticed, being utterly lost. 'The last winter was in temperature nearly equal to the means of what had been experienced on the four preceding voyages; but the winters of 1830 and 1831 set in with a violence hitherto beyond record; the thermometer sunk to 92° below the freezing point, and the average of the year was 10° below the preceding; but, notwithstanding the severity of the summer, we travelled across the country to the west sea by a chain of lakes, thirty miles north of the isthmus, when Commander Ross succeeded in surveying fifty miles more of the coast leading to the N.W., and, by tracing the shore to the northward of our position, it was also fully proved that there could be no passage below the 71st degree.'

"As far as this is explained, the assertion is a non sequitur. We do not see the alleged proof; and long to read a more comprehensive account of the surveys and tracing of coasts which are to demonstrate the fact."

"Upon the whole, it seems that excursions of some hundred and fifty miles about the southern extremity of Prince Regent's Inlet, have been all that could be achieved by our brave navigators. Whether that inlet communicates with the Fury and Hecla Straits, and Repulse and Hudson's Bay, is still a mystery; whether there is an isthmus partition, or a chain of sea and islands between the two oceans, is still undecided; and as for the north-east point of America having been determined, though likely enough, it could not be, under these uncertainties. There is yet two hundred miles toward Cape Turnagain to be made out; there is yet the coast between Captain Franklin and Captain Beechey to be ascertained; and there is even a considerable portion of Regent's Inlet itself, on the east, to be rescued from the shadows of doubt, and the probability of leading into another sea! We believe it to be a bay."

Now let Sir John speak.—"The results of all these voyages shew that the discovery and survey of the land between Greenland and Asia had gradually advanced; so that when my voyage was undertaken in 1829, there were only 150 miles on the west side, near Behring's Strait, and 500 miles on the east side, between Cape Garry and Cape Turnagain, unexplored, Davis may be said to have made the first important advance towards a passage, and Baffin the second. The latter was found to be correct in his latitudes, but his longitudes were proved to be the reverse. The last of these statements on his part seems to have led to the unjust supposition that he was equally incorrect in every thing; whence it happened, under some criticisms which I have now no intention to examine, that all which he had done was asserted to be incorrect and false. Hence was James's Island expunged from our charts, as I have remarked in a former note on his voyage; but far more uncharitably as well as improperly, the bay which had so long and so justly borne his name, was equally obliterated; as if this great navigator had seen nothing and done nothing. It is not thus that men will be tempted to sacrifice their time, their comforts, their fortunes, and their lives, in the service of mankind; but if fame must hereafter be allotted or withheld by any one who may assume the office of a judge, then let the men of ability and enterprise withdraw, unless they are of that better spirit which finds its reward in an approving conscience. If the name of Baffin was restored to its exalted place, as I trust it was by my voyage in 1818, I may now proceed to remark, that the results of my late expedition consist in the discovery of King William's land; the isthmus and peninsula of Boothia Felix; the gulf of Boothia; the western sea of King William, and the true position of a northern magnetic pole; and in regard to the question of a north-west passage, it is fully established that there is none through Prince Regent's Inlet, or to the southward of the latitude of 74° north. Besides this, many important and interesting facts regarding magnetism and other branches

of science and natural knowledge, in the conclusion of the voyage. The banks of the Isabella and Alexander were restored to their former position in the chart, and the line of coast fully verified; and several harbours surveyed and discovered. There remains, therefore, still the 150 miles to the westward, and to the eastward the space between Cape Turnagain and the coast seen by Sir Edward Parry, which may be estimated at 400 miles."

All the science, however, here alluded to is kept over for a second volume! There is none in this.

Again, "It will be seen that the last point in Prince Regent's Inlet which Sir Edward Parry had been able to attain, was Cape Garry; and hence my own discoveries may be marked as commencing at this place. If not very extensive in point of space, they are minute and accurate. Under our extraordinary detention for so long a time, in so narrow a tract, they could not indeed have been enlarged, over a country where travelling by land was so completely restricted by its mountainous, or rather hilly form, and far more by the ice and snow with which it was almost eternally covered, as not less by the very short season of a few weeks when alone any travelling was possible. This minuteness and this accuracy are indeed far greater than the subject required; so that it may be but a worthless boast to say, that they exceed in this respect any thing ever yet done by navigators. In New South Wales, such work would have had a value which it never can possess here; but we had little else to do, and no harm at least was produced by this superfluous care." No, the big book, to record it all, is the worst of it.

The worthy Captain goes over the grounds of his former voyage; and, as seems to be his usual practice, throws blame about him pretty freely.

"My remonstrances," says he, "were too late, and I was told that if I did not choose to accept the command some one else would; and as I had left the Driver, it was the only chance I had for promotion. I must here remark, however, that I throw no blame on the late Admiralty on this account; their lordships consulted, before I was selected, people well qualified to give them information; but these people had ships to sell or strengthen, and the temptation of gaining 6 or 7,000*l.*, was sufficient to turn the scale; and I alone, who had the whole responsibility, was doomed to be the sufferer." Too much as such false economy has become the rule of an age which has rendered our once liberal, and splendidly liberal country, a far other Britain than it once was. Alas! that men cannot see how miserable is the spirit of money-making and money-saving; how wretchedly debased man becomes when this forms his sole pursuit—when all his notions of moral conduct are confined within the base code of Franklin's 'Poor Richard': to produce the effects which it has done in the country to which he preached his—'religion,' I may call it, not merely its morality."

What the Captain does he extols highly; what he fails to do he treats contemptuously.

"I have elsewhere said, how much I re-

* "Commander, now Captain J. C. Ross, who was second in command, had, during the whole time, the charge of the transit, and to him belong all the observations made with it, and with a sixty-six inch telescope of 3*l* object glass, belonging to me; but these observations must, with the Natural History, also by him, form a part of an appendix, which will be published separate from the narrative, in which are only the abstracts, which would concern the general reader."

gretted that Commander Ross was prevented from extending the journeys which he undertook toward the west, so far as to have completed this connexion, which would thus have left nothing for future examination between this point and Behring's Strait, but the other spaces already mentioned. I must, however, admit his plea, grounded on the difficulty of carrying or procuring provisions, rather than on any impediments offered by the country or the climate; unavoidably regretting, nevertheless, that we could not command the means of completing this very short portion of the coast, and of thus drawing on our chart that line, of which perhaps the only satisfaction that can ever be derived would be, that there is, on a piece of paper, a black line instead of a blank. But of such imaginary joys does human happiness full often consist; and what matter, if even less than this—the anatomy of a fly's toe, or whatever else—will serve to make men happy and proud of themselves?"

The system of underrating contemporary navigators is beautifully illustrated, as by an aurora borealis. *Ex. gr.*

"The strait of the Hecla and Fury, as laid down by Parry, thus proves to be the Baffin's Strait of this navigator; while the land now laid down by us as lying to the eastward of Prince Regent's Inlet, will turn out to be James's Island, as named by James. Further, that land to the southward of this island, of which we have traced the eastern coast, but of which we have not examined the inlets, should be the 'three islands' of Baffin and his Cumberland Island; while it is to be hoped that future examination will verify his assertions. On the same grounds, our Barrow's Strait will be the Lancaster Sound of Baffin, as our coast of North Somerset, thus named by Parry, will prove to be that which Baffin termed Prince William's Land. The opposed shore, therefore, which has been called North Devon, will equally be the west side of James's Island. Let it now be supposed that these views are incorrect, and we will then see the consequences which will follow. Supposing now that my views of the voyages of these two navigators are correct, it is plain that they had long ago effected, in some manner at least, what has since been performed by Kotzebue, Beechey, Hearne, Mackenzie, and Franklin; doing even more, since the last point to the eastward which they reached was that isthmus which I have just named."

The navigators who have managed thus to anticipate our contemporaries are called Bernarda and Juan de Fuca. *Pereunt qui ante nos, &c.*

At the end of his first year Captain Ross thus sums up his exploits:—

"Even a poetical imagination would be troubled to extract matter of description from that which offers no variety; where nothing moves and nothing changes, but all is for ever the same—cheerless, cold, and still. Amid all this, it was a satisfaction to find that every one seemed pleased with the progress which had been made. It was, indeed, far short of what had at first been expected; but on examining what had been done, much more quietly, and far more in detail, than we had been enabled to do in our first reflections under this obstruction, and on comparing that with our numerous impediments and misadventures, the view now taken was not less reasonable than gratifying."

At page 239, the journal of the second year, 1830, commences; and the tedium is somewhat relieved by the appearance of the Esquimaux, and especially by the tale of making one

of them wear a wooden leg. This is equal to the famous story of the rich burgomaster of Amsterdam, Von Wooden-Block, whose cork leg ran away with him.

The intelligent Esquimaux, enlightened, no doubt, by train oil, pretended to know every thing; and they even played at drawing maps, which are engraved for the work, and present its chief additions to our geographical information.

"Ikmallik" (the Ptolemy of the Arctic circle!) "taking the pencil, proceeded to prolong the sketch from Akulee, following very nearly, for a very considerable space, the line already traced by Tuiluahiu. After this, he prolonged it still further westward, instead of turning to the north, as the latter had done; then continuing it to the north-west, in a direction more favourable to our views; he did not, however, insert the islands; nor could we discover how many days it was estimated from the end of his chart to Akulee, near Repulse Bay; but he drew Wager Bay and its river very correctly, making, also, several other rivers. He further gave us to understand, that our ship could sail that way till the autumn; and with this information we were obliged, for the present, to be content.

"They seemed to recognise all the names, as if they had, at least, heard of the persons mentioned, though they had not seen them; and, had we known their language better, we should doubtless have found that the science of being acquainted with whatever may discredit one's neighbours, is as well understood here as in an English country town; and that it is not even necessary to be very near neighbours to be very intermeddling, and as malicious as possible. I should be very glad to find, that in this conjecture I had done our new friends injury: about our own at home, it would be far more desirable to be proved in the wrong."

But we must introduce these gentry, as it is really one of the most quotable pages of the book.

"Having no foresight of these visitors, we had, of course, no presents at hand for them, and we therefore sent a man back to the ship for thirty-one pieces of iron hoop, that there might be a gift for each individual. But in the mean time they consented to accompany us on board, and we soon arrived at our snow wall. At this they expressed no surprise,—it was, indeed, too much like their own work to excite any; nor did they shew any of those marks of astonishment at either the ship itself, or the quantity of wood and iron before them, which we had found among the northern savages of Baffin's Bay in 1818. It was evident that they were no strangers to even an abundance of these materials. The present of the iron excited universal delight: in return, they offered us their spears and knives, which, to their equal astonishment and satisfaction, we refused. We could now easily see that their appearance was very superior to our own, being at least as well clothed, and far better fed; with plump cheeks, of as rosy a colour as they could be under so dark a skin. Like the other tribes of Esquimaux, their good-natured faces were of a regular oval, the eyes dark and approaching each other, the nose small, and the hair black; nor were their skins of so dark a copper tint as those which I had formerly seen in the north. They seemed a cleaner people, too; and, what I had not seen before, their hair was cut short, and arranged in no careless manner. Their dresses were made with peculiar neatness, and some were ornamented with fringes made of sinews, or with strings of small bones. The

skins of gluttons, ermines, and grey seals, hung at the breast, seemed also to be ornamental appurtenances. Their sledges were singularly rude; the sides consisting of pieces of bone tied round and inclosed by a skin, and the cross bars on the top being made of the fore legs of a deer. One of them was but two feet long, and fourteen inches wide; the others were between three and four feet in length. On the under part of the runner there was a coating of ice attached to the skin, rendering their motion very easy."

The year 1831, which Captain Ross lost as dead as Greenland in his first published letter, is here accounted for drily, daily, and monthly; but Commander Ross's excursions are the only portions of the narrative deserving of even a passing notice. We select two or three characteristic parts, the first being introductory.

"Lest readers may have forgotten it, I ought perhaps to say that the height of summer in these climates renders travelling as impracticable as does the depth of winter. It is not that the heat is more intolerable than the cold, though it is sufficiently tormenting and hurtful, but that the frozen surface becomes at first so loose and wet as to be nearly impassable; while, as the ground is laid bare on shore, and the water opens at sea, it becomes utterly impossible to travel either by land or water, or rather, as I might safely say, by that which is both or neither. Lately, indeed, we had but two of these animals [dogs] in a serviceable state, and one of the poor creatures died at our present encampment. I here contrived to shoot two partridges, which not only gave us what was now rare—a warm meal—but enabled us to save our provisions; a most important matter as we were now situated. No one will be surprised to hear how often, during all these years, we had formed the idle wish that men could live without food; a wish, idle and nonsensical as we felt it, that was ever intruding, since the necessity of eating was the ever-recurring obstacle to all our endeavours."

On other occasions we are told,

"Atayaraktak now led me to a cairn of stones, where I found a note from Captain Ross, informing me that he had there waited for my return till the fourth, and had deposited some provisions for our use at a short distance from the cairn. The dogs of the natives had, however, discovered the prize, and Mil-luk-tahad that morning carried it home. I immediately therefore went to his tent, when his mother brought out all that was left, acknowledging that they had made use of the rest. All that we thus saved consisted in eight pounds of meat and some bread; but most of this was unfit for use, though even the little that remained was very acceptable. They had emptied the canister of rum and lemon-juice, which they called very dirty water; and then pointed out a stream where we could supply ourselves with what was clean. They now presented us with some fish that seemed to be a small species of cod, promising to catch more for us; and I therefore determined to halt the party at this spot for rest and refreshment. We encamped near them in consequence; but having now no snow, were obliged to build a stone shelter, in which they gave us their assistance. Of the eight dogs that we had brought from the ship, there were now but two remaining, and these were so exhausted, that another day's work would probably have killed them also. Yet this was a selection from the very best of those which the Esquimaux possessed; while the whole of them had become unserviceable after

eight days travelling, so that they were cast off from the sledges, and suffered to do as they pleased. It was plain that we had overworked them; and we now found that, had it indeed been possible, we ought to have followed the system of the natives, who never drive these animals for more than four days at a time, seldom so much, and then give them one or two for rest. We had travelled, on the contrary, twenty-three consecutive days; a rare occurrence in that climate, and for which we were indebted to the very uncommon serenity of the weather. Our encampment was completed by four in the afternoon, and we at last enjoyed one good dinner out of the fish which had been given to us. The natives, in the meantime, collected round us to ask questions respecting our journey and our objects—matters much more easy to ask of than to answer; but they were above all desirous to know whether we had been at Oo-geoo-lik. The strangers were formally introduced to us by some of our old friends; and we were afterwards entertained by a history of their own adventures during our absence, in which we could not help imagining that they were indulging some wit at our expense, from the bursts of laughter which followed these anecdotes. Still, every thing was in good humour; nor could we be otherwise than gratified by the union of this mirth with their kindness towards us. The length of our beads, which had not been shaved since we left the Victory, was, among other things, a source of great amusement; while one of them, a stranger, whose beard was of unusual size among this tribe, claimed consanguinity with us on that ground.

"When we rose in the evening to pursue our journey, the whole of Ow-wen-yoo-ah's family came over to us. His present wife and children belonged to another man who was his particular friend, and an angekok, to whom he had, in the preceding autumn, lent his own two wives—a loan which is here considered a peculiar mark of friendship, and, it must be admitted, not very unreasonably. He had expected the restoration of this pair of spouses at this time and place; but the borrower, Shoong-u-wuk, had taken them with him on the expedition after deer; and this breach of agreement seemed to be the chief cause of our friend's vexation and disappointment. If we once supposed that this practice, for which these people may plead the authority of ancient Rome, was limited to the natives of Repulse Bay, we had subsequent occasion to believe that it was universal among this tribe, the inhabitants of Boothia, as we must now term this country. Others may analyse the morality of this fashion; but one thing at least appeared certain, namely, that the women had no voice in the matter, and were therefore considered merely as property or furniture, conformably to the high authority already quoted, and to the practice of some other nations in states of civilisation rather more resembling, it must be owned, that of Boothia, than of the mistress of the world."

The brevity of the summers prevented the voyagers from extricating their ships from the besetting ice; and the journal, with the exception of Commander Ross's excursions, continues to be a thing of blank and barrenness. For an example, taken at random.

"Sunday exempts me from any record. Monday does not furnish one, if it be not that we were employed in sawing the bay ice about the ship, in case the outer masses should set it in motion and annoy us. This it did in spite of our precautions, since the heavy ice from the outside pressed upon it during the following

day, yet without doing us any harm. It blew fresh, with the wind to the northward; in consequence of which the ice drifted, but still remained stationary at the harbour's mouth, so that we gained nothing. On the next morning, the old ice quitted the bay, but the new remained; the sea outside was covered with heavy masses of the same interminable materials, and the land with snow. We were in a worse condition than ever. On this day (Friday) we were able to carry the ship to an edge of the outer ice, doing this under the chance that the following day might favour our escape. This it did not choose to do. There was the usual hope, if wishes can be called by this name, and that was all. On Sunday the pressure of the outer ice gave us some additional trouble, but there was no good to balance it. For the present we were 'hard and fast.' I do not well know who expected any thing better to follow. If any one was silly enough to do this, he was disappointed."

But the grand discovery of the Magnetic Pole made amends for all the sameness and monotony of the almost stationary voyage; and now our author revels in self-gratulation.

"The place of the observatory was as near to the magnetic pole as the limited means which I possessed enabled me to determine. The amount of the dip, as indicated by my dipping-needle, was $89^{\circ} 59'$, being thus within one minute of the vertical; while the proximity at least of this pole, if not its actual existence where we stood, was further confirmed by the action, or rather by the total inaction of the several horizontal needles then in my possession. These were suspended in the most delicate manner possible, but there was not one which shewed the slightest effort to move from the position in which it was placed,—a fact, which, even the most moderately informed of readers, must now know to be one which proves that the centre of attraction lies at a very small horizontal distance, if at any. As soon as I had satisfied my own mind on this subject, I made known to the party this gratifying result of all our joint labours; and it was then, that amidst mutual congratulations, we fixed the British flag on the spot, and took possession of the North Magnetic Pole, and its adjoining territory, in the name of Great Britain and King William the Fourth. We had abundance of materials for building, in the fragments of limestone that covered the beach, and we therefore erected a cairn of some magnitude, under which we buried a canister, containing a record of the interesting fact: only regretting that we had not the means of constructing a pyramid of more importance, and of strength sufficient to withstand the assaults of time and of the Esquimaux. Had it been a pyramid as large as that of Cheops, I am not quite sure that it would have done more than satisfy our ambition, under the feelings of that exciting day. The latitude of this spot is $70^{\circ} 5' 17''$, and its longitude, $96^{\circ} 46' 45''$ west.

It has been seen, that as far as our instruments can be trusted, we had placed ourselves within one minute of the magnetic pole, but had not fixed on the precise spot; presuming that this precise point could be determined by such instruments as it is now within the power of mechanics to construct. The scientific reader has been long aware of this: if popular conversation gives to this voyage the credit of having placed its flag on the very point—on the summit of that mysterious pole which it, perhaps, views as a visible and tangible reality, it can now correct itself as it may please; but in such a case, while a little

laxity is of no moment, the very nonsense of the belief gives an interest to the subject which the sober truth could not have done."

Our readers may recollect that we pointed out the impossibility of the fact repeated in the first of the above two extracts, that King William the Fourth supplying his *kingly* name to Capt. Ross for the ceremony he describes. It has since occurred to us, that the well-informed Esquimaux might have communicated to him the death of George IV. and the accession of his royal brother. Unless they did, or the bears or foxes, he certainly could not be cognisant of those events. However, he seems resolute in sticking to his pole, and on his happy return repeats

"I immediately reported myself to the secretary of the Admiralty, and on the next morning caused myself to be presented to his majesty at Windsor: receiving permission to dedicate my journal to him, and to add the name of William the Fourth to the Magnetic Pole."

"It must be (he further proclaims) hereafter remembered in history, and will be so recorded, that it was the ship *Victory*, under the command of Captain John Ross, which assigned the north-west magnetic pole in the year 1831, and that this vessel was fitted out by him whom I can now call Sir Felix Booth—a name to be honoured, had it even remained without such a distinction, as long as British generosity and spirit shall be recorded as a characteristic of the merchants of Britain. In this way, and no other, let the discovery of the magnetic pole be now viewed, that, in doing justice to any, it may be withheld from none. Surely every man of this hard-used ship, from the highest to the lowest, deserves to share in the praise which the public may award for whatever it was our good fortune to effect. It is but a small reward, after all, for what every one endured; and sweet as it may be, it requires much forgetfulness of our past sufferings not to feel that it was dearly purchased, while it would be hard indeed were this tribute withheld from such enterprise, such patient endurance, such toils and sufferings so long continued, and such a spirit of hope and energy, amid circumstances capable of sinking almost any heart into the depths of despair."

Now this is the tone which has disgusted us with Captain Ross's book. Never did a country shew more of generous sympathy than was universally felt for him and his enduring companions. The government behaved most liberally. Rewards and honours have been more than generously awarded on every side; and what is the return—the "hard-used ship"—the too slightly compensated Captain Ross, to whom Parliament has voted a large sum of money, and who has made more by subscription bookselling. It is offensive to see the interest taken in this expedition so ungratefully abused; and whatever our brethren of the press may do, we emphatically denounce and reprobate it.

We have only to add, that whether there may be one or several magnetic poles, whether fixed or shifting, it is beyond Captain Ross to tell, and that, except some striking prints of the scenery and chocolate-coloured sky—how made out need not be told, as the captain is no draughtsman, and employed Harding to localise his scratches from an instrument, in an artist-like fashion—the rest of his book, which we have not noticed, is leather and prunella.*

*To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Engine Manufactory, May 6, 1835.

SIR,—As Captain Ross's Narrative, just published, contains many assertions respecting the machinery employed

Abbotsford, and Newstead Abbey. By the Author of the "Sketch-Book." 12mo. pp. 290. London, 1835. Murray.

INTERESTING subjects, touched by the pen of a charming writer, must ever possess attractions for the public; and when we name the names of Scott and Byron as the themes, and of Washington Irving as the author, we have in these few words given every possible recommendation to the volume before us.

It contains the recollections of a visit to Abbotsford nearly twenty years ago, 1816, when the Great Unknown resided in a humbler retreat than the feudal dwelling he soon after erected; and a later sojourn at Newstead, after it had ceased to be the property of its noble inheritor and passed into the possession of Colonel Wildman. What changes since then! But this world is nothing but change, mostly of a sad and melancholy nature; some too awful and horrid for contemplation. We seem to seek our own enjoyments, and we make our own miseries; we seem to prepare for pleasure in life, and we dig our own graves. What is worse, we involve others in the wreck. Well is it to pass to that bourn, pitiful, unmangled, unscathed, remembering that

"Only the ashes of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

—"To die, to sleep,
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished;"

its only addition to be desired is an unscathed memory.

The picture of Scott in his home-circle is full of grace and beauty. His reception of Irving was cordial, and he remained with him several days. We transcribe a few of the passages.

"He talked about his proposed plans of Abbotsford: happy would it have been for him could he have contented himself with his delightful little vine-covered cottage, and the simple, yet hearty and hospitable, style in which he lived at the time of my visit. The great pile of Abbotsford, with the huge expense it entailed upon him, of servants, retainers, guests, and baronial style, was a drain upon his purse, a task upon his exertions, and a weight upon his mind, that finally crushed him. As yet, however, all was in embryo and perspective; and Scott pleased himself with picturing out his future residence, as he would one of the fanciful creations of his own romances.

by him on his expedition, as well as many strong remarks on myself and Captain Ericsson, I have thought it necessary to insert the accompanying extract in the daily papers as a preliminary denial. I have, therefore, to request your bearing in mind *this denial*, should you think proper to review the work. I am, &c.

JOHN BRAITHWAITE.

Captain Ross's Narrative.—In this work, which has only been delivered to the subscribers within these few days, I find my name, and that of my friend, Captain Ericsson, made use of in a very unwarrantable and unjustifiable manner, and charges made against us involving our professional characters. I therefore most positively, on behalf of my friend and myself, state that these charges are untrue, and originate entirely in a desire on the part of Captain Ross to throw on our shoulders the onus of the failure of his ill-contrived and ill-digested schemes (the machinery of his vessel not excepted, which was executed chiefly according to his own orders). From the perusal of Captain Ross's work, a person unacquainted with the real facts would be naturally led to infer that we were the advisers and contrivers of the machinery for navigating by steam his vessel to the North Pole, but the fact will hardly be credited, when I state, and without fear of contradiction even from Captain Ross, that the machinery was ordered by him for a totally distinct and different purpose; nor were we made acquainted with the use to which it was to be actually applied until the whole of the machinery was constructed. The limits of an advertisement will not, however, admit of a detailed refutation, and I have to request the favour of those who may be induced to read his work to withhold their credence from any thing Captain Ross has stated to our prejudice, until we have taken the necessary steps to vindicate ourselves, by laying the whole of the facts fairly and fully before the public.

JOHN BRAITHWAITE.

It was one of his air castles, he said, which he was reducing to solid stone and mortar. About the place were strewn various morsels from the ruins of Melrose Abbey, which were to be incorporated in his mansion. He had already constructed, out of similar materials, a kind of Gothic shrine over a spring, and had surmounted it by a small stone cup.

"I may here mention a singular fact, of which I was not aware at the time, that Scott was very reserved with his children respecting his own writings, and was even disinclined to their reading his romantic poems. I learnt this, some time after, from a passage in one of his letters to me, advertising to a set of the American miniature edition of his poems, which, on my return to England, I forwarded to one of the young ladies. 'In my hurry,' writes he, 'I have not thanked you, in Sophia's name, for the kind attention which furnished her with the American volumes. I am not quite sure I can add my own, since you have made her acquainted with much more of papa's folly than she could otherwise have learned; for I have taken special care they should never see any of these things during their earlier years.'

One showery day, "Scott was attended by one of his retainers, who carried his plaid. This man, whose name, I think, was George, deserves especial mention. Sophia Scott used to call him her father's grand vizier; and she gave a playful account one evening, as she was hanging on her father's arm, of the consultations which he and George used to have about matters relative to farming. George was tenacious of his opinions, and he and Scott would have long disputes, in front of the house, as to something that was to be done on the estate, until the latter, fairly tired out, would abandon the ground and the argument, exclaiming, 'Well, well, George, have it your own way.' After a time, however, George would present himself at the door of the parlour, and observe, 'I have been thinking over the matter, and, upon the whole, I think I'll take your honour's advice.' Scott laughed heartily when this anecdote was told him. 'It was with him and George,' he said, 'as it was with an old laird and a pet servant, whom he had indulged, until he was positive beyond all endurance. 'This won't do!' cried the old laird, in a passion; 'we can't live together any longer,—we must part.' 'An' where the deil does your honour mean to go?' replied the other.'"

"The conversation of Scott was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic. A vein of strong, shrewd, common-sense ran throughout it, as it does throughout all his writings, but was enriched and enlivened by incessant touches of feeling, of fancy, and humour. I have not done justice to the copious flow of grave thought that often mingled in his conversation, for at this distance of time little remains in my memory but salient points, and light, whimsical, and characteristic anecdotes. Indeed, during the whole time of my visit, he seemed in a lively playful mood, and his remarks and stories inclined to the comic rather than the grave. Such, however, I was told, was the usual habit of his mind in social intercourse. He relished a joke, or a trait of humour, and laughed with right good will. Scott never talked for effect or display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his memory, and the vigour of his imagination. He had a natural turn for narration; and his narratives and descriptions were without effect, yet wonderfully graphic. He placed the scene before you like a picture; he gave the dialogue with the appropriate dialect or peculiarities,

and described the appearance and characters of his personages with that spirit and felicity evinced in his writings. Indeed, his conversations reminded me continually of his novels, and it seemed to me that, during the time I was with him, he talked enough to fill volumes, and that they could not have been filled more delightfully. He was as good a listener as talker, appreciated every thing that others said, however humble might be their rank and pretensions, and was quick to testify his perception of any point in their discourse. He arrogated nothing to himself, but was perfectly unassuming and unpretending; entering with heart and soul into the business, or pleasure, or, I had almost said, folly, of the hour and the company. No one's concerns, no one's thoughts and opinions, no one's tastes and pleasures, seemed beneath him. He made himself so thoroughly the companion of those with whom he happened to be, that they forgot, for a time, his vast superiority, and only recollected, and wondered, when all was over, that it was Scott with whom they had been on such familiar terms, and in whose society they had felt so perfectly at their ease. It was delightful to observe the generous mode in which he spoke of all his literary contemporaries; quoting the beauties of their works and pointing out their merits; and this, too, with respect to persons with whom he might have been supposed to be at variance in literature or politics. Jeffrey, it was thought, had ruffled his plumes in one of his reviews, yet Scott spoke of him in terms of high and warm eulogy, both as an author and as a man. His humour in conversation, as in his works, was genial, and free from all causticity. He had a quick perception of faults and foibles, but he looked upon poor human nature with an indulgent eye, relishing what was good and pleasant, tolerating what was frail, and pitying what was evil. It is this benignant spirit which gives such an air of *bonhomie* to Scott's humour throughout all his works. He played with the foibles and errors of his fellow-beings, and presented them in a thousand whimsical and characteristic lights; but the kindness and generosity of his nature tempered the sharpness of his wit, and would not allow him to be a satirist. I do not recollect a sneer throughout his conversation, any more than throughout his works. Such is a rough sketch of Scott as I saw him in private life, not merely at the time of the visit here narrated, but in the casual intercourse of subsequent years. Of his public character and merits all the world can judge. His works have incorporated themselves with the thoughts and concerns of the whole civilised world for a quarter of a century, and have had a controlling influence over the age in which he lived. But when did human being ever exercise an influence more salutary and benignant? Who is there that, on looking back over a great portion of his life, does not find the genius of Scott administering to his pleasures, beguiling his cares, and soothing his lonely sorrows? Who does not still guard his works as a treasury of pure enjoyment, an armoury to which to resort in time of need, to find weapons with which to fight off the evils and griefs of life? For my own part, in periods of dejection, when every thing around me was joyless, I have hailed the announcement of a new work from his pen, as an earnest of certain pleasure in store for me, and have looked forward to it as a traveller on a waste looks to a green spot at a distance, where he feels assured of solace and refreshment. When I consider how much he has thus contributed to the better hours of my

past existence, and how independent his works still make me, at times, of all the world for my enjoyment, I bless my stars that cast my lot in his days, to be thus cheered and gladdened by the outpourings of his genius. I consider it one of the few unmingled gratifications that I have derived from my literary career, that it has elevated me into genial communion with such a spirit; and, as a tribute of gratitude for his friendship and veneration for his memory, I throw this humble stone upon his cairn, which will soon, I trust, be piled aloft with the contributions of abler hands."

Irving's own emotions on first viewing the pastoral scenery of the Scottish border, are painted in a style worthy of his own mind and genius:—

"We rambled on (he says) among scenes which had been familiar in Scottish song, and rendered classic by the pastoral Muse long before Scott had thrown the rich mantle of his poetry over them. What a thrill of pleasure did I feel when I first saw the broom-covered tops of the Cowdenknowes peeping above the grey hills of the Tweed; and what touching associations were called up by the sight of Ettrick Vale, Gala Water, and the Braes of Yarrow! Every turn brought to mind some household air, some almost-forgotten song of the nursery, by which I had been lulled to sleep in my childhood; and with them the looks and voices of those who had sung them, and who were now no more. Scotland is eminently a land of song; and it is these melodies, chanted in our ears in the days of infancy, and connected with the memory of those we have loved, and who have passed away, that clothe Scottish landscape with such tender associations."

Miss Scott sung some Jacobite airs, and the author tells:—

"These songs were much relished by Scott, notwithstanding his loyalty; for the unfortunate 'chevalier' has always been a hero of romance with him; as he has with many other staunch adherents to the house of Hanover, now that the Stuart line has lost all its terrors. In speaking on the subject, Scott mentioned a curious fact, that, among the papers of the 'chevalier' which had been submitted by government to his inspection, he had found a memorial to Charles, from some adherents in America, dated in 1778, proposing to set up his standard in the back settlements. I regret that, at the time, I did not make more particular inquiries of Scott on the subject; the document in question, however, in all probability still exists among the Pretender's papers, which are in the possession of the British government."

Scott's opinion of Campbell is a remarkable recollection, and we hasten to quote it:—

"The conversation here turned upon Campbell's poem of 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' as illustrative of the poetic materials furnished by American scenery. Scott spoke of it in that liberal style in which I always found him to speak of the writings of his contemporaries. He cited several passages of it with great delight. 'What a pity it is,' said he, 'that Campbell does not write more, and oftener, and give full sweep to his genius! He has wings that would bear him to the skies; and he does, now and then, spread them grandly, but folds them up again, and resumes his perch, as if he was afraid to launch away. He don't know, or won't trust, his own strength. Even when he has done a thing well, he has often misgivings about it. He left out several fine passages of his 'Lochiel,' but I got him to

restore some of them.' Here Scott repeated several passages in a magnificent style. 'What a grand idea is that,' said he, 'about prophetic boding, or, in common parlance, second sight,—

'Coming events cast their shadows before.'

It is a noble thought, and nobly expressed: and there's that glorious little poem, too, of 'Hohenlinden': after he had written it he did not seem to think much of it, but considered some of it 'd—d drum and trumpet lines.' I got him to recite it to me; and I believe that the delight I felt and expressed had an effect in inducing him to print it. The fact is, added he, 'Campbell is, in a manner, a bug-bear to himself. The brightness of his early success is a detriment to all his further efforts. He is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him.'

One curious peculiarity remains to be noticed, as it forms a strange link between the two poets, though so dissimilar in all respects. We refer to it as our last illustration of the first portion of the volume, and pass with it to its connexion with the second.

"Before dismissing the theme of the relics from the abbey, I will mention another, illustrative of Scott's varied humours. This was a human skull, which had probably belonged of yore to one of those jovial friars so honourably mentioned in the old border ballad,—

'O the monks of Melrose made gude kale
On Friday, when they fasted;
They wanted neither beef nor ale,
As long as their neighbours' lasted.'

This skull Scott had caused to be cleaned and varnished, and placed it on a chest of drawers in his chamber, immediately opposite his bed, where I have seen it grinning most dismally. It was an object of great awe and horror to the superstitious housemaids; and Scott used to amuse himself with their apprehensions. Sometimes, in changing his dress, he would leave his neckcloth coiled round it like a turban, and none of the 'lasses' dared to remove it. It was a matter of great wonder and speculation among them, that the laird should have such an 'awsome fancy for an auld grinning skull.'

At Newstead, Nanny Smith, an ancient servant, told the following tale:—

"One time," said she, "Lord Byron took a notion that there was a deal of money buried about the abbey, by the monks in old times, and nothing would serve him but he must have the flagging taken up in the cloisters; and they digged and digged, but found nothing but stone coffins full of bones. Then he must needs have one of the coffins put in one end of the great hall, so that the servants were afraid to go there of nights. Several of the skulls were cleaned, and put in frames in his room. I used to have to go into the room at night to shut the windows; and if I glanced an eye at them they all seemed to grin, which, I believe, skulls always do. I can't say but I was glad to get out of the room."

Though the master spirit was not there, Irving enjoyed some delightful hours at Newstead, amid the congenial hospitalities of its new owner, who has faithfully preserved as much of Byron as was possible. The above Nanny Smith's anecdotes are among the most interesting. Of her late master she related:—

"He used various modes to sweat himself down: sometimes he would lie for a long time in a warm bath, sometimes he would walk up the hills, in the park, wrapped up and loaded with greatcoats,—a sad tale for the poor youth," added Nanny, "he being so lame." His meals were scanty and irregular, consisting of dishes which Nanny seemed to hold in great

contempt, such as pilaw, macaroni, and light puddings. She contradicted the report of the licentious life which he was reported to lead at the abbey, and of the paramours said to have been brought with him from London. 'A great part of his time used to be passed lying on a sofa, reading. Sometimes he had young gentlemen of his acquaintance with him, and they played some mad pranks, but nothing but what young gentlemen may do and no harm done. Once, it is true,' she added, 'he had with him a beautiful boy as a page, which the housemaids said was a girl: for my part, I know nothing about it. Poor soul! he was so lame, he could not go out much with the men; all the comfort he had was to be a little with the lasses. The housemaids, however, were very jealous; one of them, in particular, took the matter in great dudgeon. Her name was Lucy: she was a great favourite of Lord Byron, and had been much noticed by him, and began to have high notions. She had her fortune told by a man who squinted, to whom she gave two and sixpence. He told her to hold up her head and look high, for she would come to great things. Upon this,' added Nanny, 'the poor thing dreamt of nothing less than becoming a lady, and mistress of the abbey; and promised me, if such luck should happen to her, she would be a good friend to me. Ah! well-a-day! Lucy never had the fine fortune she dreamt of, but she had better than I thought for: she is now married, and keeps a public-house at Warwick.'

The accounts of the love and falsehood of *Annesley Hall*, given by another old servant of that house, which produced so much of misery and desolation, are also of much interest:—

"He used (she said, speaking of Byron,) to ride over here, and stay three days at a time, and sleep in the blue room. Ah! poor fellow! He was very much taken with my young mistress; he used to walk about the garden and the terraces with her, and seemed to love the very ground she trod on. He used to call her 'his bright morning star of Annesley.' I felt the beautiful poetic phrase thrill through me. 'You appear to like the memory of Lord Byron,' said I. 'Ah! sir, why should not I? He was always main good to me when he came here. Well, well! they say it is a pity he and my young lady did not make a match. Her mother would have liked it. He was always a welcome guest, and some think it would have been well for him to have had her; but it was not to be! He went away to school, and then Mr. Musters saw her, and so things took their course.' The simple soul now shewed us into the favourite sitting-room of Miss Chaworth, with a small flower-garden under the windows, in which she had delighted. In this room Byron used to sit and listen to her as she played and sang, gazing upon her with the passionate and almost painful devotion of a lovesick stripling. He himself gives us a gloomy picture of his mute idolatry:—

'He had no breath, no being, but in hers;
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words: she was his sight,
For his eye follow'd hers, and saw with hers,
Which colour'd all his objects:—he had ceased
To live within himself; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all: upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.'

There was a little Welsh air, called 'Mary Anne,' which, from bearing her own name, he associated with herself, and often persuaded her to sing it over and over for him. The chamber,

like all the other parts of the house, had a look of sadness and neglect: the flower-plots beneath the window, which once bloomed beneath the fostering hand of Mary Chaworth, were over-run with weeds."

The author's sensations on inspecting the romantic parts of Sherwood Forest are finely expressed, and the volume winds up with a singular story of a "Little White Lady" who haunted the grounds of Newstead Abbey for several years, and was accidentally killed in Nottingham. She was an unfortunate deaf and dumb, but imbued with an enthusiastic devotion to the poetry of Byron, whose favourite spots she haunted, and wrote verses upon him and them, some of which Irving quotes. It is a wild and strange tale, and its fatal catastrophe points it with a tragical solemnity.

Belford Regis; or, Sketches of a Country Town.
By Mary Russell Mitford, authoress of
"Rienzi," "Our Village," &c. 3 vols. 8vo.
London, 1835. Bentley.

THERE is much pleasant Reading in these volumes. The talent of the author for graphic truth and characteristic touches of her minute pencil, are universally known and highly appreciated. Her cricketers are the bowlers of Teniers; her peasants the boors of Ostade; and her circles, moving upwards in higher spheres, the personages of Gerard Dow's market places, Wouverman's cavaliers, Watteau's fresco festival makers, or Metzu's besilied and besatined companies. She paints both accurately and forcibly.

In the present instance, however, she has left the country for the *Country Town*, and, if it be not a solecism, has thus taken a new field for the exercise of her powers. As several of the sketches have been published in periodical works, and we are at a loss to separate the novelties, though they form, we believe, fully two thirds of the whole, we must, for fear of repetition, be content with very brief illustrations. The portrait of "Stephen Lane, the Butcher," offers fairly at the very outset.

"The greatest man in these parts (I use the word in the sense of Louis-le-Gros, not Louis-le-Grand), the greatest man hereabouts, by at least a stone, is our worthy neighbour Stephen Lane, the grazier,—ex-butcher of Belford. Nothing so big hath been seen since Lambert the gaoler, or the Durham ox. When he walks, he overfills the pavement, and is more difficult to pass than a link of full-dressed misses, or a chain of becloaked dandies. Indeed, a malicious attorney, in drawing up a paving bill for the ancient borough of Belford Regis, once inserted a clause confining Mr. Lane to the middle of the road, together with wagons, vans, stage-coaches, and other heavy articles. Chairs crack under him, couches rock, bolsters groan, and floors tremble. He hath been stuck in a staircase and jammed in a doorway, and has only escaped being ejected from an omnibus by its being morally and physically impossible that he should get in. His passing the window has something such an effect as an eclipse, or as turning outward the opaque side of that ingenious engine of mischief, a dark lantern. He puts out the light like Othello. A small wit of our town, by calling a supervisor, who dabbles in riddles, and cuts no inconsiderable figure in the poet's corner of the county newspaper, once perpetrated a conundrum on his person, which, as relating to so eminent and well-known an individual (for almost every reader of the *H—shire Herald* hath, at some time or other, been a customer of our butcher's), had the

honour of puzzling more people at the Sunday morning breakfast-table, and of engaging more general attention, than had ever before happened to that respectable journal. A very horrible murder (and there was that week one of the very first water), two shipwrecks, an *enlèvement*, and an execution, were all passed over as trifles compared with the interest excited by this literary squib and cracker. A trifling quirk it was to keep Mr. Stacy, the surveyor, a rival bard, fuming over his coffee until the said coffee grew cold; or to hold Miss Anna Maria Watkins, the mantua-maker, in pleasant though painful efforts at divination until the bell rang for church, and she had hardly time to undo her curl-papers and arrange her ringlets: a flimsy quirk it was of a surety, an inconsiderable quiddity! Yet, since the courteous readers of the *H—shire Herald* were amused with pondering over it, so, perchance, may be the no less courteous and far more courtly readers of these slight sketches. I insert it, therefore, for their edification, together with the answer, which was not published in the *Herald* until the *H—shire* public had remained an entire week in suspense:—“*Query*, Why is Mr. Stephen Lane like Rembrandt?” “*Answer*, Because he is famous for the breadth of his shadow.” The length of his shadow, although by no means in proportion to the width,—for that would have recalled the days when giants walked the land, and Jack, the famous Jack, who borrowed his surname from his occupation, slew them,—was yet of pretty fair dimensions. He stood six feet two inches without his shoes, and would have been accounted an exceedingly tall man if his intolerable fatness had not swallowed up all minor distinctions. That magnificent *beau idéal* of a human mountain, ‘the fat woman of Brentford,’ for whom Sir John Falstaff passed, not only undetected but unsuspected, never crossed my mind’s eye but as the feminine of Mr. Stephen Lane. Tailors, although he was a liberal and punctual paymaster, dreaded his custom. They could not, charge how they might, contrive to extract any profit from his ‘huge rotundity.’ It was not only the quantity of material that he took, and yet that cloth universally called broad was not broad enough for him,—it was not only the stuff, but the work—the sewing, stitching, plaiting, and button-holing without end. The very shears grew weary of their labours. Two fashionable suits might have been constructed in the time, and from the materials, consumed in the fabrication of one for Mr. Stephen Lane. Two, did I say? Ay, three or four, with a sufficient allowance of cabbage,—a perquisite never to be extracted from his coats or waistcoats—no, not enough to cover a penwiper. Let the cutter cut his cloth ever so largely, it was always found to be too little. All their measures put together would not go round him; and as to guessing at his proportions by the eye, a tailor might as well attempt to calculate the dimensions of a seventy-four-gun ship,—as soon try to fit a three-decker. Gloves and stockings were made for his especial use. Extras and double extras failed utterly in his case, as the dapper shopman espied at the first glance of his huge paw, a fist which might have felled an ox, and somewhat resembled the dead ox-flesh, commonly called beef, in texture and colour. To say the truth, his face was pretty much of the same complexion—and yet it was no uncomely visage either; on the contrary, it was a bold, bluff, massive, English countenance, such as Holbein would have liked to paint, in which great manliness and determination were blended with

much good-humour, and a little humour of another kind; so that even when the features were in seeming repose, you could foresee how the face would look when a broad smile, and a sly wink, and a knowing nod, and a demure smoothing down of his straight shining hair on his broad forehead, gave his wonted cast of drollery to the blunt but merry tradesman—to whom might have been fitly applied the Chinese compliment, ‘Prosperity is painted on your countenance.’

“Mr. Lane is certainly a very happy person; although, when first he removed from the Butts, it was quite the fashion to bestow a great deal of pity on the poor rich man, self-condemned to idleness,—which pity was as much thrown away as pity for those who have the power to follow their own devices generally is. Our good neighbour is not the man to be idle. Besides going every day to the old shop, where his sons carry on the business, and he officiates *en amateur*, attending his old clubs, and pursuing his own diversions in Belford, he has his farm at Sunham to manage (some five hundred acres of pasture and arable land, which he purchased with his new house), and the whole parish to reform. He has already begun to institute inquiries into charity-schools and poor-rates, has an eye on the surveyor of highways, and a close watch on the overseer; he attends turnpike-meetings, and keeps a sharp look-out upon the tolls; and goes peeping about the workhouse with an anxiety to detect peculation that would do honour even to a Radical member of the reformed House of Commons. Moreover, he hath a competitor worthy of his powers in the shape of the village orator, Mr. Jacob Jones, a little whipper-snapper of a gentleman farmer, with a shrill, cracked voice, and great activity of body; who, having had the advantage of studying some odds-and-ends of law, during a three years’ residence in an attorney’s office, has picked up therein a competent portion of technical jargon, together with a prodigious volubility of tongue and a comfortable stock of impudence; and, under favour of these good gifts, hath led the village senate by the nose for the last dozen years. Now, Mr. Jacob Jones is, in his way, nearly as great a man as Mr. Lane; rides his bit of blood a fox-hunting with my lord, dines once a-year with Sir John, and advocates abuses through thick and thin—he does not well know why—almost as stoutly as our good knight of the cleaver does battle for reform. These two champions are to be pitted against each other at the next vestry-meeting, and much interest is excited as to the event of the contest. I, for my part, think that Mr. Lane will carry the day. He is, in every way, a man of more substance; and Jacob Jones will no more be able to withstand ‘the momentum of his republican fist,’ than a soldier of light infantry could stand the charge of a heavy dragoon. Stephen, honest man, will certainly add to his other avocations that of overseer of Sunham. Much good may it do him!”

The following more general picture must suffice for our extracts:—

“Belford was the paradise of ill-jointed widows and portionless old maids. There they met on the table-land of gentility, passing their mornings in calls at each other’s houses, and their evenings in small tea-parties, seasoned with a rubber or a pool, and garnished with the little quiet gossiping (call it not scandal, gentle reader!) which their habits required. So large a portion of the population consisted of single ladies, that it might almost have been called a maiden town. Indeed, a

calculating Cantab, happening to be there for the long vacation, amused his leisure by taking a census of the female householders, beginning with the Mrs. Davisons—fine alert old ladies, between seventy and eighty, who, being proud of their sprightliness and vigour, were suspected of adding a few more years to their age than would be borne out by the register,—and ending with Miss Letitia Pierce, a damsel on the confines of forty, who was more than suspected of a slight falsification of dates the converse way. I think he made the sum total, in the three parishes, amount to one hundred and seventy-four. The part of the town in which they chiefly congregated, the lady’s *quartier*, was one hilly corner of the parish of St. Nicholas, a sort of highland district, all made up of short rows, and pigmy places, and half-finished crescents, entirely uncontaminated by the vulgarity of shops,—ill-paved, worse lighted, and so placed that it seemed to catch all the smoke of the more thickly inhabited part of the town, and was constantly encircled by a wreath of vapour, like Snowdon or Skiddaw. Why the good ladies chose this elevated and inconvenient position, one can hardly tell; perhaps because it was cheap, perhaps because it was genteel—perhaps from a mixture of both causes; I can only answer for the fact: and of this favourite spot the most favoured portion was a slender line of houses, tall and slim, known by the name of Warwick-terrace, consisting of a tolerably spacious dwelling at either end, and four smaller tenements linked two by two in the centre. The tenants of Warwick-terrace were, with one solitary exception, exclusively female. One of the end houses was occupied by a comfortable-looking, very round Miss Blackall, a spinster of fifty, the richest and the simplest of the row, with her parrot, who had certainly more words, and nearly as many ideas, as his mistress; her black footman, whose fine livery, white turned up with scarlet, and glittering with silver lace, seemed rather ashamed of his ‘sober-suited’ neighbours—the plush waistcoat and inexpressibles blushing as if in scorn. The other corner was filled by Mrs. Leeson, a kind-hearted, bustling dame, the great ends of whose existence were visiting and cards, who had probably made more morning calls and played a greater number of rubbers than any woman in Belford, and who boasted a tabby cat, and a head maid called Nanny, that formed a proper pendant to the parrot and Caesar. Of the four centre habitations, one pair was the residence of Miss Savage, who bore the formidable reputation of a sensible woman—an accusation which rested probably on no worse foundation than a gruff voice and something of a vinegar aspect,—and of Miss Steele, who, poor thing! underwent a still worse calumny, and was called literary, simply because forty years ago she had made a grand poetical collection, consisting of divers manuscript volumes, written in an upright taper hand, and filled with such choice *morceaux* as Mrs. Greville’s ‘Ode to Indifference,’ Miss Seward’s ‘Monody on Major André,’ and sundry translations of Metastasio’s ‘Nice,’ and a considerable collection of enigmas, on which stock, undiminished and unincreased, she still traded; whilst the last brace of houses, linked together like the Siamese twins, were divided between two families—the three Miss Lockes, whom no one ever dreamt of talking of as separate or individual personages—one should as soon have thought of severing the Graces, or the Furies, or the Fates, or any other classical trio, as of knowing them apart: the three Miss Lockes lived in one of these houses, and

Mrs. Harwood and her two daughters in the other."

The history of these Harwoods follows; but our friends will find it, and much else to amuse and gratify them, in Miss Mitford's pleasant volumes.

The Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of a Horse. By Caveat Emptor, Gent., One, &c. 12mo. pp. 336. London, 1835. Longman and Co.; Bagster.

A WHIMSICAL title to a very clever and amusing volume. But though it is full of humour, it is also full of useful information; and the law and the gospel (haunting?) of horse-dealing are clearly and ably explained. Even the drolleries are instructive, and calculated to prevent many a take-in. We quote two specimens by way of sample; and have only to add, that these *Adventures* are embellished with numerous cuts, quite in keeping with the text, and, consequently, very entertaining.

"I resolved that my second purchase should at all events be strong enough to bear me. I therefore pitched upon a cob; he was, to use the accepted phrase, 'built like a castle'; there was 'no nonsense about him,' most assuredly; but he unluckily moved like a castle! I have the greatest aversion to a horse that 'won't go'; it is an eternal trial of one's temper; many a time has the provocation brought me within an ace of Martin's penalties. My 'castle' had 'no go' at all in him: when I first brought him out of the seller's stable, he seemed as gay as a lark; but I suppose he had not been used for a twelvemonth: at the end of a mile all his 'pluck' was gone, and my wrath began: my spurs were sharp, but he kicked! A good ash-stick brought him to his senses, and restored the equilibrium; nay, it did more, it actually compelled a canter, and, if my arm only had been in fault, I had still strength enough left to have coaxed the canter into a gallop; but, alas! when we arrived at that focus of roads and confusion, Battle-bridge, whether it was that he knew not which course to take, I cannot say, but he paused in his full career so abruptly, that I found myself upon his neck, instead of his back, and, had he advanced another yard, I should undoubtedly have found my back on the ground. I decided on my course at once—I walked him to the Veterinary College, ascertained that his wind was as thick as his carcase, and sold him at Osborne's the next day to 'a timid old gentleman,' for whom he was exactly suited."

"Another 'charming' brute attracted my attention. I am not much of a dandy at any time; but, by some confounded ill-luck, I went to the stables on this occasion in a new coat, new hat, new trowsers, and with as fashionable an exterior as the gloss of a tailor's shop can give. To make matters worse, I wore, what I seldom used, an eye-glass. The consequence was inevitable. The 'sweetest little park horse that ever was crossed' was, of course, the 'very thing I wanted.' I thought so too; but the good nature of the dealer saved my pocket, whatever might be his deep intentions; I was allowed to make trial of him. We danced a quadrille together with every gentleman and lady that we met mounted in Hyde Park; and I soon found that the lovely creature was better suited to Almack's than to me. He passed away in style by the band of the guards, till every soldier grinned a salute, and no rhetoric of mine could divert him from his obvious purpose of escorting them to the palace. Once, indeed, I prevailed on him to turn his head,

but it was only to *passage* the other way, with his rump instead of his face to the troops. At last, in sheer desperation, I plunged both spurs in him at once; he gave a spring that would have cleared a horse and gig, and then fairly bolted; running at speed to his stables again! I would as soon fondle a mad dog as take such another dance with a dandy!"

The Botanic Garden; or, Magazine of Hardy Flower Plants, cultivated in Great Britain: containing four coloured Figures, &c. No. 123. By B. Maund, F.L.S. London, 1835, Simpkin and Marshall, and Sherwood and Co.; Dublin, Wakeman; Edinburgh, Whyte and Co.

As an instance of the rapidity with which newly introduced flowering plants are distributed over this country, we give an extract from No. 123 of *Maund's Botanic Garden*.

Regarding the pleasure which such pursuits afford, many of our readers, we doubt not, will bear testimony to the force of Mr. Maund's observations. On the *Nuttallia papaver* he says: "Such are the rapidly increasing means by which the rapidly increasing taste for botanical pursuits is met and gratified. It is productive of pleasure, in every point of view, to see so healthy a national appetite receiving daily, as it were, such delightful and wholesome stimulants from foreign lands,—novel as well as exotic. It would not, perhaps, be entirely correct to designate such mental food as devoid of all the qualities attendant on that of a grosser nature. It may be confessed, as occasionally being a very little, the least in the world, as Miss Mitford would say, intoxicating. It is, however, an intoxication of good in lieu of evil; not the intoxication of stupor, but vivacity—not producing the flush of fever, but the glow of health; and an ecstasy inspired by the acquisition of another favour, dispensed by the bountiful Dispenser of all. Every new plant is received as a new and unthought-of gift, and carries with it all its consequent delight. The *Nuttallia papaver* is, indeed, a very splendid accession to our gardens, and we have not the least doubt but it will be received as an inhabitant, and not a visitant only. It is at present so much a stranger, that we scarcely can offer any certain rules of management. It appears, however, to be of very easy culture, when grown in pots, in a mixture of loam, peat, and sand; in which it will flower freely, from July through the autumn. It produces several flowering stems from the crown of the root, and may be divided, and thereby increased, with facility; which cannot be effected with the other species of this genus. There can be no doubt but plants turned into the borders, in the spring, will flower in great luxuriance during a great part of the summer, and also perfect seeds, if artificially fertilised. Till its habits and powers of resisting cold are thoroughly ascertained by experience, it will of course be prudent to give it a little protection against frosty weather. It appears, notwithstanding, to be hardy, and it may be hoped will prove so; still its habitat would lead us to suspect that it is not fully proof against the inclemency, or rather variability, of our climate. It would be advantageous, in several respects, if foreign collectors would register both the latitude and altitude of the native situation of every newly-discovered plant. As men of ability are engaged in this pursuit, such advantage is of easy attainment."

This work "progresses" with all its established merits and attractions.

Transfusion. By the late William Godwin, jun. With a Memoir of his Life and Writings, by his Father. 3 vols. London, 1835. Macrone.

A CANDID and affecting biography of the Author of this tale is prefixed to it from the pen of his bereaved father. The tale itself is one of Swiss construction, in which seduction, love, and other villainies are involved; and end in a most tragical conclusion. There is much talent displayed throughout, though the plot is not very probable, nor the development of the nicer engines which move human nature, and cause those events which we call life, is not of the finest touch. The author rather relies on strong motives and their result—strong action. The picture is consequently a broad one. A young man, for example, cannot, by any effort of genius or invention, portray the workings of a woman's mind; the sex alone can faithfully paint the sex, or perhaps some experience might teach an elder hand to delineate them with a nearer approach to truth. Such would not write with the author, "He was reviled, deserted by all—by all save the dear, fond being he had so cruelly betrayed: but she was true—was his. He knew what woman's clinging fondness is! He knew the sex's fidelity—its firm adherence to the loved object in danger and misery—here there was a friend!" Little could he be acquainted with his subject who uttered this; but in the midst of similar errors of judgment, poor Godwin, whose own premature death excites a powerful sympathy, has produced a work of sufficient interest to chain the attention of readers, and serve as a fitting monument to enshrine his memory.

MISCELLANEOUS.

English Botany: containing the Plants of Great Britain, arranged according to the Linnean Method, and briefly described. (Small edition. Nos. 1–78. London, Sowerby.)—Sowerby's *English Botany* is too well known to all the votaries of Flora to need any additional commendation from us; suffice it to say, that the present cheap and well-got up edition of that excellent work is amply worthy of the extensive patronage which, we have no doubt, the lovers of natural history have conferred upon it. Each plant and flower is coloured after nature with all requisite accuracy—sufficient, in fact, to allow the student to identify his specimen without pretending to much pictorial excellence.

The Rhensish Minstrel; a Series of Ballads, Traditional and Legendary, of the Rhine, by Adelheid von Stolterhof. Embellished with Twenty-one Lithographic Sketches, by Dielman, from the designs of A. Rethel, of Düsseldorf. Long 4to. pp. 65. (Frankfurt, Jugel; London, Schloss.)—*Rhensischer Sagen Kreis; Ein Cielus von Romanzen, Balladen und Legenden des Rheins; Nach Historischen Quellen bearbeitet von Adelheid v. Stolterhof, Süßs dame, &c.*—To all lovers of the legendary and romantic, we have no doubt that the present beautiful publication will be a most welcome present. There is a grace and elegance in the fair authoress's poetical department of the work, agreeably contrasted with the force and spirit of the outline sketches which illustrate each legend. We hardly know upon which to fix as our favourite, nor are we much inclined to find fault, further than that we think the female figure in the plate to "Die Brüder" borders somewhat upon the colossal. That entitled "Francuoli's Death" is, we think, the best; nor is the "Maase-thurm" deficient in unearthly wildness and sublimity. We wish that the authoress had, in addition to the description in English of the plates, succeeded in obtaining a metrical version of her poetry in the same language, which, which we are sure, have proved a very acceptable addition to many of our readers; we hope, however, that its absence will stimulate many to the study of the originals.

Letters of Major Downing. 18mo. pp. 215. (London, Murray.)—A reprint of this caustic American work, which we reviewed upon a copy received from its original country. It is well worth a London edition, for it throws, with its humorous glances, much light on the politics and parties across the Atlantic.

Grimshave's Edition of Couper's Life and Works: Vol. III. (London, Saunders and Otley.)—With beautiful engravings of Huntingdon and Hertford, after Harding, this volume brings the correspondence down to 1788, and is full of interesting matter.

Wörterbuch der Deutschen Sprache in Beziehung auf Abstammung und Begriffsbildung. Von Konrad Schwenn. 8vo. pp. 750. (Frankfurt am Main, Sauerländer; London, Schloss.)—A Dictionary of the German Language, with reference to Derivation and Signification, by Konrad Schwenn.—In this work an attempt, upon the whole very

successful, is made to trace the roots of the German language to their origin, and to exhibit their variations in the cognate dialects, ancient as well as modern. To the lovers of German philology, and especially to the advanced student of that fine language, the volume before us will prove a great acquisition. A similar work in our own tongue is still a great desideratum which we trust, ere long, to see supplied.

Graphics: a Manual of Drawing and Writing, for the Use of Schools and Families, by Rembrandt Teale. Pp. 86. (London, Molineux.)—In small compass, these graphics contain some very useful hints on elementary drawing, and some beautiful examples as lessons in writing. Of the former, on the subject of lines and curves, a treatise appeared, nearly twenty years ago, recommending the practice of lines and curves, and shewing them in a variety of forms for the use of beginners. Differing, however, from the author of the *Manual*, that writing and drawing can be carried on by the same process. Be this as it may, we recommend such of our readers as may have occasion for these graphics, to adopt the writer's motto and "try."

The World of Waters, by C. Williams. 18mo. pp. 327. (London, Wesley and Davis.)—For entertainment and improvement, this is a charming little volume; which, in the shape of conversations on board a vessel sailing from Southampton round the Isle of Wight, describes and discusses a variety of interesting subjects connected with the sea, rivers, lakes, &c.; such as ships, fishes, bridges, shells, boiling springs, and other phenomena. It is altogether a very agreeable and instructive work.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

THE Duke of Somerset in the chair.—Read descriptions of the dipterous insects, collected by Captain King in the Straits of Magellan, by Francis Walker, Esq. The paper enumerates a considerable portion of entirely new species. There was exhibited a specimen of *Polygonum dumetorum*, a species new to the British Flora, discovered in a hedge, near Wimbledon, in September last, by Mr. Hankey. Professor Bertolini, Bologna; Baron Delessert, Paris; Professor Freis, Lund; Dr. Harlan, Philadelphia; Dr. Herold, Marburg; Professor Lichtenstein, Berlin; Professor Reinwardt, Leyden, were elected foreign members. The president announced that the anniversary meeting would be held on Monday the 25th inst.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MR. HARDESTY in the chair.—At the usual monthly meeting on Thursday, considerable alteration took place on the subject of a notice of motion given by Colonel Sykes, to the effect that members of council should go out by rotation,—that repeated acts of non-attendance should subject them to removal; and that the vice-president himself should not be exempted from this rule. Mr. Clarke moved that a special meeting to discuss Colonel Sykes' resolution should be held on the 25th instant, two days previous to that upon which the election of council takes place. The motion was carried by a majority of twenty-seven to five.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ON Monday, Mr. Hope, president, in the chair.—An extensive series of donations of books and insects, by various English and foreign entomologists, was announced, and thanks ordered to be returned for the same. A numerous collection of interesting insects was exhibited, which led to many observations upon the geographical distribution, peculiarities of impregnation, and development of the organs of flight in insects in general. The following memoirs were then read: 1. Notice of the proceedings of the Linnean and other societies, relative to entomology. 2. Note respecting the insects discovered in unrolling a mummy, before the Natural History Society of Belfast, communicated in a letter to the secretary by Mr. Robert Patterson. 3. Observations upon, and descriptions of, the *halipus ferrugineus*, and other allied species of water beetles, from Cambridgeshire, by Mr. C. C. Babington. 4. Notice of two Italian

memoirs, by Signor Passerini, of Florence, honorary member of the Society, relative to various species of insects injurious to agriculture in Tuscany, by Mr. Spence, foreign secretary to the Society. 5. Description of *clenchas templetonii*, a new and very minute species of the anomalous order of bee parasites (*strepsiptera*), by Mr. Westwood. 6. Observations of the destruction of the corks of wine-bottles by various species of insects, by Mr. S. S. Saunders. 7. Descriptions of various species of exotic dipterous insects, by the secretary. An extended discussion took place respecting the different subjects of the preceding memoirs, in which many of the members joined. The subject of the preservation of hops by means of charring the poles, or by immersing them in solution of corrosive sublimate, was again brought before the Society, as well as several other practical subjects. Several members were elected. The first anniversary dinner, to celebrate the successful formation of the Society, took place on Wednesday at the British Coffee House, the president in the chair, supported by the Rev. Mr. Kirby, W. Spence, Esq., J. G. Children, Esq., Dr. Roget, and about fifty of the members and their friends. The proposition and acknowledgment of each of the usual toasts afforded opportunities for many interesting and instructive observations, and the company passed an evening equally social, agreeable, and instructive.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Anniversary.

T. A. KNIGHT, Esq., President, in the chair.—From the report which was read, we gathered that there was a gradual improvement in the financial concerns of the Institution; and bonds had been paid and cancelled to the extent of 1300*l*. The cash-account stood thus:—

Bal. in hand 1st of April, 1834, at Bankers'—	£	56	16	8
Ditto in hands of Assistant-Secretary		38	3	9
Various receipts.....		5,538	2	9
	£	5,633	3	2
Bonds paid.....	£	1,300	0	0
Payments by checks		2,377	16	11
Ditto through Assist.-Sec. --		1,024	13	2
		5,692	10	1
	£	30	13	1

Besides the above sum, the bankers had in their hands 106*l*. 11*s*. belonging to the garden exhibition account. The outstanding debt is now reduced to 16,817*l*. of which 14,350*l*. is on bond; and the available assets, after writing off 1,105*l*. as bad debts, amount to 5,362*l*. which, being added to 23,100*l*., the estimated value of the other assets of the Society, make 28,462*l*. the total amount. The excess of receipts above expenditure during the past year was 1,107*l*. The report was received and adopted, and officers for the ensuing year were elected. We may appear to be rather remiss in our reports of this Society, but frequently the papers are not altogether of a scientific character.

At the meeting on Tuesday, Mr. Lindley read a translation of Observations on grafting apricot trees, by Mr. Deval, a secretary to the Horticultural Society at Antwerp. Failure the author attributed to the vitality of the tree being exhausted before adhesion: when wood of two, three, or four years old, was employed, a perfect graft was formed. There was a great number of beautiful flowers exhibited: one of these was a North American plant, called "the lady's slipper;" it is the most brilliant plant that has ever been brought to England. Some remarks on the transportation of seeds were made by Mr. Lindley. It appeared that seeds brought overland were rarely or never injured, while those brought by sea were very much

deteriorated. Seeds which had been sent to England overland from California, by the late lamented Mr. Douglas, were very productive, though they were three years on their passage; others, sent by sea, although taking only half this time in the voyage, turned out almost worthless.

ROYAL DISPENSARY FOR DISEASES OF THE EAR.

IN our last we briefly noticed the anniversary dinner on behalf of this benevolent Institution. From the statement made by the chairman, Dr. Tattersall, and the treasurer, Mr. Cobbe, it appeared that, since its foundation in 1816, upwards of 9030 patients had been partially or entirely restored to the blessing of hearing; and from all that we heard, it seems to be conducted in a most charitable and liberal spirit. On the health of Mr. Curtis, the surgeon and director, being drank, as it was with great applause, the chairman observed, that it was to the individual exertions of that gentleman that the establishment owed its origin, and that much of its success had resulted from his unwearied application to its laborious duties. Mr. Curtis returned thanks in a few modest and becoming words. "Success to the Institution" was given with much animation, and several gentlemen present spoke in terms of warm gratitude of the benefits they had received from it. The health of the chairman was toasted, and a like compliment was paid to the secretary to the French embassy, who was present, and returned his acknowledgments. A considerable amount of subscriptions was announced, and the meeting separated after enjoying a very agreeable and harmonious evening.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

SIR J. RENNIE in the chair.—A paper by Mr. Lubbock, on the elements of Halley's comet of 1759, was read. It was chiefly calculations which cannot here be inserted. These elements had been calculated by various astronomers, so as to identify the comet with the one of 1682. Mr. Lubbock takes the opportunity of stating, that it had been very erroneously attributed to him in some journals that the perihelium passage of the expected comet would take place on the 31st October next; the period of the perihelium passage was very different from the appearance of the comet, though they were often confounded.—A letter from Mr. Dunlop to H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex was read; it comprehended new formulae for computing longitude at sea and land. The author considers his method more accurate than that by the lunar theory; but as it is embraced in mathematical tables, no analysis can be given.—The titles of three communications by Capt. Beaufort were read; they were merely meteorological and hydrometrical observations made in a given period on board his majesty's ships Jackdaw, Etna, and another. Certificates in favour of a number of very distinguished foreign members were read.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

IN addition to our notice of the annual general meeting in our last, we may mention that the late Mr. Prince Hoare's extensive library, bequeathed to the Society, was seen arranged upon its shelves. Lord Ripon, in his address, stated that Mr. Hoare had left his books of prints to the Royal Academy; and, also, that Coleridge, another of our lost members, had prepared several MS. works for the press previous to his death, and that one of them comprised his

system of philosophy. The public have, therefore, the gratification of looking forward for these interesting remains. His lordship aluded very elegantly and feelingly to his own thirty years of official life, as having restrained him, more than he wished, from the enjoyment of literary pleasures, but still he had ever been alive to them, and had snatched the hour when he could return to a taste of what had charmed his earlier years. This address, however, on the motion of Mr. Jerdan, seconded by Mr. W. Tooke, was ordered to be printed; so that it will come in its own shape before the world, and we need only, for the present, refer to these leading points.

Thanks to the chairman were moved by Lord Bexley, and passed by acclamation. This tribute the noble lord acknowledged, and in reply assured the Society that its interests should receive from him every support in his power.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON in the chair.—The council exhibited a set of engravings from the Painted Chamber at Westminster, coloured by Mr. Douce; and gave notice that a plain set of the plates would be delivered to each member in the Vetusta Monumenta, but that coloured sets might be had of Mr. Douce, at the price of four pounds. Sir Cuthbert Sharpe exhibited (by Mr. Gage) two small sepulchral stones found at Hartlepool, in 1833, having inscriptions in Latin and Runic. St. Hilda founded a monastery at Hartlepool. Mr. Parret, of the Ordnance Office in the Tower, exhibited a splendidly perfect British sword of bronze, lately found in the bed of the Thames, very similar to that engraved in Meyrick and Skelton's Illustrations of Arms and Armour, Pl. XLVII. fig. 14; also a bronze head of an arrow or small spear. Mr. Repton communicated a dissertation, accompanied by numerous drawings, on female head dresses, from the time of Henry VIII., taken from various chronicles, MSS., and ancient monuments, as a supplement to his history of *Hats*, printed in a late volume of the Archaeology.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY	Geographical, 9 P.M. Medical, 8 P.M. Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, 8½ P.M. J. Wallis, Esq. on Astronomy.
	Zoological, 8½ P.M. Scientific Business. Society of Arts, 8 P.M. Mr. Wicksteed, on the Distribution of Water to the Metropolis.
TUESDAY	Med. and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M. Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M. Civil Engineers, 8 P.M. Belgrave, 8 P.M. Dr. Hope's Lecture concluded. Royal Institution, 3 P.M. Mr. T. Webster. Third of a Series of Eight Lectures on Geology and Mineralogy: Volcanic Agency.
	Geological, 8½ P.M. Graphic, 8 P.M. Society of Arts, 7½ P.M. Geographical—Anniversary, 1 P.M.
WEDNESDAY	Royal Institution, 3 P.M. Mr. Lindley. Second of Series of Six Lectures on the Natural System of Botany: Polypetalous Exogams, or Dicotyledonous Plants.

THURSDAY...	Royal Society, 8½ P.M. Antiquaries, 8 P.M. Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M. Western Literary, 8½ P.M. Dr. S. Smith on the Animal Economy.
	Royal Institution, 3 P.M. Ed. Taylor. Third Lecture of a Series of Six, on English Vocal Harmony.
FRIDAY	Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.
SATURDAY...	Royal Asiatic, 2 P.M. Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.
	Royal Institution, 3 P.M. Mr. Faraday on Lead: Third of a Series of Eight Lectures on Metals.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THIS exhibition, which opened to the public on Monday last, is, we are happy to say, decidedly superior to most of the recent exhibitions at Somerset House. It is especially superior in that which ought to be the distinctive feature of every national exhibition,—in works of poetic art. To the production of this desirable result, Allan, Callcott, Eastlake, Etty, Hilton, Howard, Landseer, Leslie, M'Clise, Mulready, Turner, Uwins, Wilkie, and many other able artists, have evidently exerted themselves to contribute. Among the performances which grace the walls of the Great Room, no one will be found more attractive in character, more abundant in incident, or more skillful in execution, than

No. 167. *A Scene in the Grampians*—the *Drover's Departure*. E. Landseer, R.A.—It matters little to the creative talents of the artist whether the materials of his work are supplied from high or from low life; from the noble or from the simple classes of society. In the present instance, the genius and powers of Mr. Landseer have thrown a charm over that which would otherwise seem to be a common and uninteresting occurrence; and have imparted to it the most touching sentiment and pathos. We hardly know whether to admire more the skill with which the figures and the cattle, &c. are painted, or the ingenuity with which the numerous details growing out of the subject are managed. Every thing seems to have been thought of and provided for the occasion. But it would require a pamphlet to describe the various circumstances connected with "The Drover's Departure."

Having pointed out a departure, we shall next introduce an arrival:—

No. 114. *Italian Scene in the Year of the Jubilee. Peasants on a pilgrimage to Rome, first coming in sight of the Holy City*. C. L. Eastlake, R.A.—Whether the object of this artist's pencil be to excite terror, pity, or affection, it is always clear, beautiful, and expressive. The variety of character in this charming picture, the pearliness of its tints, and the delicacy of its execution, are equally admirable.

No. 105. *The Last In*. W. Mulready, R.A.—Another arrival: alas, for the poor delinquent! it is one too late. The scene is a village school; and as the boy "last in" enters, the pedagogue rises, not in wrath, but, with the most provoking yet portentous expression, pulls off his hat, and with a low bow, looking over his spectacles, seems to say, "Well, young gentleman, I hope you have not hurried yourself in making your toilet. But there—sit down:—no, stop; not until I have rewarded your diligence and punctuality as they deserve." The barbarian!

From the ridiculous to the serious:—

No. 64. *Christopher Columbus explaining the project of his intended Voyage for the Discovery of the New World, in the Convent of La Rabida*. D. Wilkie, R.A.—Every thing connected with the history and fortunes of Columbus is interesting; but, although the work under our notice fully embodies the description of the incident which it represents, quoted in the catalogue from the recent life of Columbus by Washington Irving, it is chiefly estimable for its picturesque costume, for its warm and harmonious colouring, and, above all, for its Rembrandt-like chiaroscuro. In these respects it is above all praise.

No. 136. *Nymph and Cupid*. W. Hilton, R.A.—We have never seen a more charming performance from the pencil of this accomplished artist; uniting as it does the most graceful forms with the most brilliant yet just hues of flesh.

No. 145. *The Valley Farm*. J. Constable, R.A.—We have heard of dust being thrown into people's eyes to prevent their seeing defects: Mr. Constable seems to be in the habit, when he has completed a picture, and while it is yet wet, of sprinkling flake-white over its surface, from a dredging box, for the purpose of concealing its beauties. If so, however, he has in the present instance been but partially successful; for the truth and vigour of his work manifest themselves, notwithstanding all his insidious and suicidal effects to hide them.

No. 13. *Genoese Coast, near Recco*. A. W. Callcott, R.A.—Glowing in the brightness of a summer sun, the scene is at once lovely and exhilarating; and in colouring and effect may vie with some of the best productions of Cuyp.

No. 24. *Keelmen heaving in coals by Night*. J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—And such a night!—a flood of glorious moon-light wasted upon dingy coal-whippers, instead of conducting lovers to the appointed bower. That, when it is Mr. Turner's object, however, to call up associations of romance and beauty, he is "powerful at it,"—witness,

No. 155. *Venice from the Porch of Madonna della Salute*; the vivid colour of which, or its general gaiety, we defy any body to surpass.

No. 152. *Tiger-hunting in India*. W. Daniell, R.A.—It is thus that men follow the bubble pleasure, as they follow the bubble reputation—in the very teeth of danger. Mr. Daniell, who, we believe, has been a participant in the sport, has depicted it with great animation. The surrounding Oriental scenery is also highly characteristic.

No. 131. *Gulliver's Introduction to the Queen of Brobdingnag*.—C. R. Leslie, R.A.—Notwithstanding the great skill with which the artist has treated the subject, it is utterly at variance with all good feeling. But that is Swift's fault, not his.

No. 59. *Columbus and the Egg*. C. R. Leslie, R.A.—We confess that we do not think Mr. Leslie has been happy in his choice of themes for his pencil this year. Let that choice be what it may, however, his composition and execution are always excellent. They are especially so in the present instance; but the story on which the work is founded has ever appeared to us to be one of the most absurd and childish of the many absurd and childish stories that we are told of "the wisdom of our ancestors." Columbus did not make the egg stand upon one end; which was the problem proposed.

No. 78. *Morning*. H. Howard, R.A.—The effect of the burst of light, and the graceful forms of

"the Morn,
Waked by the circling Hours,"

render this one of the most attractive examples of Mr. Howard's classical and imaginative pencil.

No. 40. *The Bow Ideal*. T. Bridgford.—Wit in conception, and skill in execution, combined. If Mr. Bridgford is young, he will make us say more of him one of these days, or we are mistaken.

No. 52. *Ruth Gleaning in the fields of Boaz*. R. Westall, R.A.—In the forms of the figures, and in the general character of the composition, there are great grace and elegance; perhaps there is too much of the latter quality in the costume of Ruth, consistently with her implied poverty as a gleaner.

(To be continued.)

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

[Third and concluding notice.]

162. *Garden, &c. in Ruins*. G. Barret.—Decay and desolation never come with more force upon the mind than when the opportunity is afforded of comparing them with former greatness and gaiety. Over the whole of this scene Mr. Barret has thrown an effect in perfect accordance with the subject. As we are rather fond of placing in juxtaposition works of dissimilar character, we will here mention the contrast of the cheerful to the melancholy, furnished by the same artist in No. 21, *Afternoon*.

No. 26. *Subject from the 137th Psalm*. Copley Fielding.—We should like to have a nearer view of this performance; and still more to see the subject treated to the extent of its great capabilities: the captive Jews, with their harps, occupying the foreground, and the grand buildings of the city rising in the distance.

No. 32. *Falstaff, Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, and Robin*. F. Stone.—This marvellous and exciting subject has been very happily treated by Mr. Stone, who has called to his aid the greatest power, both of depth and of brilliancy, of which water colours are susceptible.

No. 41. *Sir Halbert Glendinning, the Lady of Avenel, and Roland Græme*. J. Nash; and No. 48, *Helena and Countess*, John William Wright—are no less satisfactory specimens than that just mentioned of the talents of the respective artists.

No. 59. *The Musical Amateur*. H. Richter.—We like the caustic view that Mr. Richter has taken of the subject. Amateurs are seldom musicians; and "if music be the food of love," discord certainly is not.

No. 276. *The Visit of Lieutenant Allen and Messrs. Larder and Oldfield, to the Princess Bibi, at Atta, during the late Expedition to Africa, from a sketch taken on the spot by Lieutenant Allen, R.N.* J. Stephanoff.—We should like to see this composition executed on a larger scale.

No. 115. *Boulevard des Italiens, Paris*. F. Nash.—An interesting scene, in a cool and chastened style of art. No. 55, *A Mill in Kent—Twilight*, by the same artist, is also admirable for its picturesque character, and the truth of its effect.

No. 60, *Rock-melon and Grapes*; and No. 96, *Convulsus*, V. Bartholomew.—We lament to find the works of this truly eminent artist placed, in both instances, in situations so much below their merits.

No. 202. *View on the Dort*. C. Bentley.—Scenes like these are rendered doubly interesting by the splendid sunlit effect, and the glow-

ing and harmonious colouring which Mr. Bentley has imparted to his *View on the Dort*.

No. 230. *An old Mill at Blackheath*. J. Holland.—An excellent example of old age in picturesque objects.

Miss E. Sharpe has contributed her quota to the attractions of the gallery in two very beautiful pieces, viz. No. 303, *The Phrenologist*, and No. 322, *The Dying Sister*; although we do not think that the latter, however sweetly executed, is a fit subject for the pencil. There are also several fine *Pastoral Studies*, by the veteran Cristall, *Cottages*, by W. Scott, &c. &c. &c.; which must be understood as comprehending various manifestations of talents that our limits, and the attention due to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, will not allow us to particularise.

FRENCH SCULPTURE.

IN the Council-room of the Society for the Illustration and Encouragement of Practical Science, in Adelaide Street, are at present deposited two highly beautiful specimens of sculpture, which have been lately imported from the Continent. They bear the date of 1775, and are evidently from the French chisel; but the name of the sculptor is not known. The figures are about eighteen or twenty inches high. One is erect, the other is sitting. The first is a Venus, just risen from the sea; the face of which is said to be that of Madame Elizabeth, sister to Louis XVI.: the second is also a Venus, in a conch shell, guiding her doves; the face of which is said to be that of the beautiful but unfortunate Antoinette. There is great grace in the position of the figures, and in the form and action of the limbs; the surface is exquisitely finished, and the various accessories are executed with extraordinary care.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

British and Foreign Dogs. From original Drawings; engraved in the line manner on copper by W. R. Smith; with literary Illustrations by W. H. Harrison. Jennings and Co.

"Of all the subjects," observes Mr. Harrison, "which have engaged the attention of the naturalist, none have proved so generally interesting to the public as the history of the dog. The minister of our pleasures, the guardian of our property, and the companion and friend whom even unkindness cannot estrange, he has high claims to the gratitude of man; while, as the connecting link between instinct and reason, he more powerfully excites our admiration than any other of the brute creation."

Proofs of the embellishments of the first number of this work (which we understand will appear in the course of next month) are lying before us. They are admirably engraved; all, evidently, "from portraits of the finest individuals of each species of dog; and the background of each consisting of a landscape, or other subject, in which especial reference is had to the habits or country of the particular class of dog; thus forming a picture in which the animal, although the prominent, is not the sole object of attention."

Looking at these specimens, and recollecting the talents and information of Mr. Harrison, we predict that this will be a very delightful publication.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE TOMB OF GRAY.

"Where greatness trod, is hallow'd ground to me;
There could I lift the heart, and bow the knee,
Recall the features of the famous dead,
Nor take a kingdom for the tear I shed!"

THE poetry of dreams that spot surrounds
Where genius ponder'd: when Oblivion's pall
In mocking darkness on the tomb of kings
Descendeth, mem'ries bright and deep pervade
The quiet scene where once a bard hath thought.
For him the laurel fadeless! when the wreath,
Dyed by the blood of Vict'ry's crowning hand,
Withers to nothing on the warrior's brow,
How many a foot, where pensive Gray hath

roved,
Will love to linger! 'Tis the spell of mind
That consecrates the ground a poet trod;
The air is eloquent with living thoughts,
And fine impressions of his favour'd muse;
While Inspiration, like a god of song,
Wakes the deep echoes of his deathless lyre!

In the calm glory of declining eve
'T was mine to wander where the tomb* of Gray
In green seclusion stands. Around me smiled
A landscape, veil'd with sunlight's pallid robe
Of beauty, over tree and meadow drawn.
On such, by contemplation's dream enticed,
Like Isaac, oft at eventide to muse,
The bard had gazed, and drew from Nature's

heart
How many a touch of grace and tone of song.
While Eton, with her turrets grey, her towers
Antique, in azure distance frown'd;
Or round him, in their rich confusion throng'd
The sounds that wait on sunset's balmy hour:
The lay of birds, the sheep-bell's lowly chime,
The chirping insect in the grass conceal'd,
The bough made vocal by th' exciting breeze,
Or shout of home-returning shepherd boy,
And city hum,—all charm'd his dreaming ear.

But, lo! the churchyard! Mark those "rugged elms,"
That "yew-tree shade," yon "ivy-mantled tower,"

And tread the path where heaves the "mould'ring heap;"

Then, stranger! thou art soulless earth indeed,
If the lone bard beside thee does not stand,
Form'd into life by Fancy's moulding spell!
'T was here he mus'd; here Poetry, and

Thought,
And Silence, their enamour'd Sister, came;
And Taste and Truth their kindred magic

blent,
And proud Attempt, and pure Conception rose,
While Melody each chord of mind attun'd,
Till soft Religion, like an angel, smil'd,
And bade his genius make the grave sublime!

Sweet bard! whose mild and meditative lays,
Or lyric numbers, warm with classic fire,
Heal the torn mind, or thrill young Mem'ry's

heart
With deathless pleasure; time hath not despoil'd
Thy crown poetic of one glorious leaf.

Yet, many since thine eyes in death were veil'd,
Have grasp'd the laurel; harps of witching tone,
And thrilling strains of more impassion'd swell,
Round the rich world of poetry have flung
Enchantment, yet thy page is precious still.
And wherefore? 'T is because the moral

heaven
Remains unsullied by thy words and dreams.
And hence, amid the Ebel voice of song,
Is such pre-eminence to thy calm powers
Accorded. So when lays corruptly sweet,
The flash and fire of o'er-excited verse
And mock intensity, have ceased to charm!
Back to thy page, by purity inspir'd,
The heart returns—and finds the magic there
Of thoughts that bloom beyond the earth's
decay!

* In the romantic churchyard of Stoke Pogis, near Eton.

And thus, when stars of more ambitious light
Shine dimly through the hazy depths of time,
Bard of the soul! for ever wilt thou reign,
An orb of beauty in the heaven of song!

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.
Whittington, near Oswestry, Shropshire.

BIOGRAPHY.

W. LINLEY, ESQ.

THIS amiable and much esteemed gentleman, died, after a few hours illness, early on Wednesday morning. He was the brother of the fascinating Mrs. Sheridan, and well known to all the musical world by his numerous glees and other compositions, as well as by editing a charming volume of music from the works of Shakespeare. Mr. Linley was sixty-four, and dined out, in apparent health, on the day previous to his sudden death. He was a very constant attendant at the Garrick Club, and his gentle and kindly manners have caused great regret at his loss.

DR. HOOPER.

THE author of many highly esteemed medical works, has also been taken from us this week, aged sixty-three. He was long one of the most eminent physicians in London, but had retired for some years to his seat at Stanmore. His taste for literature and the fine arts was of a high order; and he has left a fine collection of paintings.

MUSIC.

SOCIETA ARMONICA.

THE performances on Monday, among other favourites, gave us the "Vampire" duet, by H. Phillips and Clara Novello; Mr. Bennet sang a sweet song; Madame Stockhausen delighted us in several concerto pieces, and especially in the quintetto, out of "Azor and Zel-mira," with the vocalists we have named, and Miss Birch. Collinet's flageolet was charming, and a piano fantasia, by Mr. Forbes, pleased us much. We rather think the character of the pieces too long: a little relief in that respect would be acceptable to the great majority of hearers.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

THE great winter theatres were suddenly and unexpectedly shut on Thursday night; the few good English actors who remained with them turned adrift, and a secondary campaign announced for French pieces and French performers. This is as it ought to be, and will bring the disgraceful business the sooner to an end.

ENGLISH OPERA.

THE *Evil Eye* has been played alternately with the popular *Sylph*, and, invigorated by the introduction of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, with O. Smith, Perkins, Bland, Minton, and the pretty Miss Pincott, has been received with great approbation. The success of the *Shadow on the Wall* brightens the faces of actors and audiences; and Wrench, in *My Fellow-Clerk*, continues to outdo himself. In this, also, Tilbury, Oxberry, Mrs. Griffiths, and P. Horton, are laughable, clever, and entertaining.

VARIETIES.

The Halley Comet.—Of course we took no notice of the clumsy fabrication respecting the non-appearance of this comet, which ran its circle in the newspapers as news from the Cape of Good Hope, via Vienna. We did not like to

confound the two sciences of astronomy and geography at one stroke.

Pneumatic Railway.—We have heard a promising account of this new system of rail-road; but not having yet had an opportunity of examining the principle and its application, we defer offering any opinion, and have only to say that, if practicable, the overcoming of acclivities is a great improvement.

The Children's Friend Society met at Exeter Hall last Saturday, Lord Grosvenor in the chair. It was the fifth anniversary, and its cause was ardently advocated by his lordship and other speakers. When we reflect upon the object in view, the salvation of children from the destructive paths of vagrancy, we cannot but wish that the Institution had tenfold the means it has as yet, though prospering, attained. A considerable sum of contributions was collected in the room; and as some of the principal London parishes have co-operated with the Society, its capabilities for being extensively beneficial to the community at large will now, doubtless, be more fully developed.

Africa.—Captain Alexander, who is on his travels at the Cape, has been told by a native chief, that there is a large fresh-water lake two days' journey west of Latakoo, the shores of which are inhabited by Macooa Caffres.

Walker's British Atlas.—The second No. of Kent and Dorsetshire is very neat, and quite worthy of the praise we bestowed on its predecessor.

Fall of the Falls of Niagara.—A recent letter from New York announces the fall of the Table Rock at the Falls of Niagara. This immense mass of stone was on the Canada side of the river, projecting so as to afford the spectator a front view of the horse-shoe fall. It was considerably undermined, and some fissures on the surface had, for some time past, indicated the disruption. A large mass was detached two or three years back. By the total fall of the Table Rock, the visitor is now deprived of the most favourable position for viewing the magnificent appearance presented by that stupendous fall of waters.

Italian Bronzes.—The fine collection of Italian bronzes, on view last Wednesday and Thursday, at Messrs. Christie's, previous to their sale next week, attracted much attention from the cognoscenti in such productions of art. It is rarely that so many specimens can be seen together; and though we do not profess ourselves to be enthusiastic admirers of the age of brass, we could not help being delighted by the beauty of many of these productions.

Parisian Statistics.—During the last year there were born in Paris 29,130 children, namely—14,901 males, and 14,229 females. Of these 19,145 were legitimate; 18,685 of them being born in private houses, and 460 in the hospitals or alms-houses; 9985 were illegitimate, 5473 of whom were born in private houses, and 4512 in the hospitals. Of the natural children 1170 were acknowledged by their parents. The deaths amounted to 24,177, namely—12,004 males, and 12,173 females. Of these 15,340 died in their own houses, and 8837 in the hospitals. The number of births exceeded that of the deaths by 4953. The marriages were 8088. In 1833 there were 27,460 births; 25,096 deaths, and 7938 marriages. [The proportion of deaths in the hospitals is appalling.—Ed. L. G.]

Every Body's Album, (London, T. Dawson).

—Mr. C. J. Grant, the designer and litho-

grapher of these caricature sheets, from the inspection of a dozen of which we speak, often displays a considerable degree of fancy and talent. At all events the subjects, of which there are from ten to twenty or more on each sheet, embody many of the jests, whims, and curiosities, of the passing hour, which they may therefore help to amuse.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The vol. on political economy, mentioned in our last among forthcoming books, is not by Mrs. Loudon, the wife of our well-known horticultural and agricultural writer, and herself the able author of the "Mummy" and other popular works, but by the wife of Dr. Charles Loudon of Leamington.

Mr. Churton (conjointly with Mr. Baillière) announces a periodical series of Standard French works—biography, travels, novels, &c.

In the Press.

Gould's Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Artists of all Ages and Nations. — The National, Municipal, and Parochial, Register. — Perils in the Woods, or the Emigrant Family's Return, by the Author of the "Children's Fireside." — Wanderings of Tom Starboard, &c. — Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan, with Sketches of Anglo-Indian Society, by Emma Roberts.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1835.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 30	From 39 to 52	29.51 stationary
May.		
Friday 1 41 .. 53	29.54 to 29.60
Saturday .. 2 42 .. 54	29.68 .. 29.73
Sunday 3 39 .. 56	29.77 .. 29.79
Monday ... 4 43 .. 60	29.87 .. 29.94
Tuesday ... 5 40 .. 56	30.00 .. 30.02
Wednesday 6 45 .. 62	29.83 .. 29.87

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing.

Generally cloudy, with rain at times on each day, except the 4th and 5th instant.

Rain fell, 1 inch and $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude $51^{\circ} 37' 39''$ N.
Longitude $3^{\circ} 51'$ W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Life of Bolingbroke.—We did the author of this work an injustice in our review (last No.) which we hasten to repair. We charged him with borrowing from a former work without acknowledgment, which we considered disingenuous and unworthy of one whose volumes in other respects gave so much satisfaction, and manifested not only impartiality, but the habits of thought belonging to a gentleman. Our error arose from having a copy of the publication in which the author's preface had by some chance been omitted, and thus we were prevented from knowing that he had fully and explicitly stated his obligations to the volume of 1752 to which we alluded. He there says, speaking of Lord Bolingbroke: "The only connected accounts of him in the language are, the *Memorial* [Memoirs] of his Life and Ministerial Conduct, published soon after his death, in the form of letters, and containing, as its title imports, little more than a history of his public conduct while Secretary of State." We trust that this prompt explanation will satisfy him, and acquit us.*

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To the Editor of the *British Gazette*.
Sir,—Perceiving in your issue of April 11th last (p. 236), an article headed under the title of "Varieties"—wholesale and retail literary injustice,—you may probably feel interested in a continuation of the subject so far as to insert this letter. It appears that Parisian and other foreign booksellers enjoy the right to reprint English literary works—a right of which (from the article just alluded to) they fully avail themselves, and, no doubt, much to the detriment of English publishers, as copies of Galignani's Byron, &c. &c. in possession of Parisian visitors would testify. The point your correspondent wishes to ascertain, by favour of you or some of your learned readers, is, have the English publishers or authors the power of securing, if they choose, a copyright in foreign countries as well as England, by a simultaneous publication or other procedure? This answered, another point arises, viz.—have the foreign publishers, or authors residing abroad, the protection of the English law of copyright under the same circumstances, by being able to secure a copyright in their own country as well as in England? In whatever way these questions may be decided, the importation of French published works, I believe, is much more facilitated in this country than English works experience on the other side of the Channel, which may operate on publishers abroad finding it more advantageous or compulsory to print, if their works are at all to form "a necessity for commerce."—Am. Sir, &c.
London, April 29, 1835.

Our esteemed friend at Birmingham mistakes us, if he thinks we sanctioned by agreement with its sentiment the passage we quoted respecting Byron from Bulwer's *Student*. Perhaps we should not have passed it without remark, but it is impossible, in a work like ours,

That every nice offence should bear its comment:

and we must leave much to the sense and discretion of our readers. We now take the opportunity of saying, that we differ from the dictum in question, viz. "Men may moralise as they will, but misfortunes cause error, and atone for it."

We acknowledge the receipt of the returns, &c. from the Society for the Diffusion of Information on the subject of capital punishments, by which it is shown that in Prussia, Norway, Brunswick and Belgium, the decline of the criminal code. A lesson may be drawn from the criminal code. A lesson may be drawn from the criminal code.

We have also received the circular from the Shakespearean Committee at Stratford-on-Avon, describing the decayed condition of the Shakespeare monument in the church, and inviting voluntary donations for its restoration and preservation. Every relic of the most immortal of human beings ought, indeed, to be sacredly guarded, that all ages may vie them with the noble emotions their contemplation inspires. This design, therefore, is entitled to the warmest support, and we have no doubt that an ample fund for all the purposes contemplated will speedily be raised. Might not a small sum for advertisement to see the monument, &c. constitute an annual supply?

An Artist's letter, though it goes to matters almost annually complained of, shall be taken in consideration.

* In our review, the word "eloquently" was erroneously printed for "elegantly."

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W. OTTER, M.A. Principal.
King's College, London, May 5, 1835.

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MR. O'BRIEN'S PROTEST against MR. MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

I hereby protest, in the most indignant and unmitigated feeling of literary injustice, against the unwarrantable use of some of the sentiments and phrases of my "Round Towers of Ireland," as introduced by Mr. Moore, wholesale, and without acknowledgment, into his "History" of that country, just published, and forming the 65th volume of Bohn's Cabinet Cyclopaedia. A more barefaced appropriation of another person's labour and originality I unhesitatingly affirm I never before witnessed!—for which, too, Mr. Moore has made no other amends than that of sneaking my name into an obscure note—not more obscure than insidious, and there generalising my "disquisition" as "clever, but rather too fanciful." Henry O'Brien.

London, April 29, 1835.
Just Published, in 18vo. vol. of 504 Pages and 36 Plates, price One Guinea, by Parbury, Allen, and Co. London, and J. Cumming, Dublin, the 5th edition of

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